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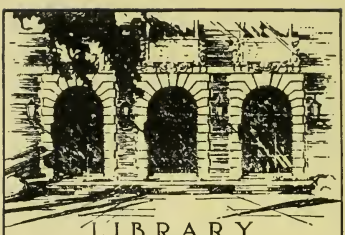

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A

PICTURE FROM LIFE:

OR,

THE HISTORY

OF

EMMA TANKERVILLE

AND

SIR HENRY MORETON.

QUID DECEAT, QUID NON; QUÒ VIRTUS, QUÒ FERAT ERROR.
HOR.

BY HENRY WHITFIELD, M.A.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. II.

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A

PICTURE FROM LIFE.

CHAPTER XII.

A NEW LOVER.—A MODEST DECLARATION OF LOVE.—THE INTRODUCTION OF DR. ANAPEST.

THE honourable Mr. Pellet, who entertained a real affection for his couſin, determined to pay her a viſit, and declare his intentions of offering herhis hand and fortune. He concluded this as a matter already granted, and that he had but to make known his ſuit; and he was confident that his couſin, beautiful as ſhe was, could not withſtand his charms.

As he ſurveyed himſelf in a glaſs the

going to the glaſs and ſurveying himſelf attentively, afterwards bowing ſuperciliouſly and with great affectation to his couſin, "why, in one word, I wiſh to marry you; to make you my wife; and, upon my ſoul, I flatter you in my choice. You are, Emma, the only girl for whoſe ſake I would ſubmit to fixing myſelf in the nooſe of wedlock; but you can as ſure prove deuce-ace are not crabs, as make the odious idea tolerable."

"My good couſin, there are two or three cogent objections to the plan. In the firſt place, you muſt win my conſent; which were I diſpoſed to grant, could you promiſe me faithfully and conſcientiouſly that you would not prefer your horſes and dogs to the care of your wife. Would not the incomparable Somers-town, the beautiful Flora, your favourite Dido, take up a great great deal of your time? and what would your poor wife do? For my part, I take no pleaſure in leaping a five-barred gate; and ſhould feel, I fear, little intereſt in liſtening

to your accounts of how many ſhots at partridges you have had, and in what field you put up a hare; or, in the fiſhing ſeaſon, how many rare and moſt excellent bites you had. Such recitations, good couſin Pellet, give me not that exquiſite pleaſure which you may imagine and may flatter yourſelf they ought to produce. As for guns, I hate them; dog-whips are my averſion, and powder-horns I abhor; nor can I endure the conſtant ſight of ſhooting jackets, hunting coats, ſpurs, and riding caps; beſides, John, you muſt expect to find me frequently occupied in reading the unrivalled Shakſpeare, the deſcriptive Thomſon, the plaintive Goldſmith, the didactic and critical Pope, the moral Fordyce, the ingenious Hume, the intelligent Rapin, the pathetic Beattie, the refined Hayley, the comic Sheridan, the laughter-moving Reynolds and Morton, the deſcriptive and chaſte authoreſs of Cecilia and Evelina, the imitator of nature and the panegyriſt of female

female beauty, Fielding, the entertaining but ſatirical Smollet, the copious Doctor Moore; or, poſſibly, I may frighten you with reciting ſelections from the majeſtic Milton, the virtuous Parnel, the ſublime Cowley, the elegant Gray, or ſome of the prize poems of Cambridge.

" In place of a fox's bruſh, I ſhould chooſe to have ſuſpended the works of the graceful Raphael, the expreſſive Rubens, the pure Gainſborough, the portraits of Reynolds, or the expreſſive and comic paintings of Smirk."

Here the honourable Mr. Pellet ran through a favourite whiſtle: that finiſhed, he exclaimed, " A d—d wrong ſcent I find I am on."

" And another inſuperable objection is," ſaid his fair couſin, after ſhe had indulged herſelf with a laugh at his lengthened countenance, on which aſtoniſhment and diſappointment were pourtrayed: " How do you know that I have not previouſly engaged

myſelf to enter into a ſtate of matrimony with a more fortunate lover? though I muſt confeſs, he is one who does not *ſhow* half the daſhing features of life that you do; and as for his excellencies, I have had the greateſt difficulty to diſcover them; for, excepting one particular inſtance, he has, dear John, kept all his good actions concealed from me; nor ſhould I have known his virtues, but from the panegyric paſſed on him, during his abſence, by his boſom friend. My ſuitor is a man, without drawing any invidious compariſon, of the ſtricteſt virtue, and poſſeſſing that baſis of all moral excellence, prudential conduct, and regular economy."

"Oh, I know," ſaid Pellet; "I am not ſo blind either, though I cannot ſee into a mill-ſtone; yet, as Hodge ſays,

'I am not ſuch a fool, tho' I ſays it myſelf,
But I knows a ſheep's head from a carrot.'

"I hav'n't driven four in hand for nothing; kept a curricle with daſhing lamps

at Cambridge; thrown in ſix mains running at Brooks's; attended all the meetings at Newmarket, fleeced the knowing ones, made a handicap, fixed a match, or won a ſweepſtakes; drank four bottles of burgundy, two of old hock, and three of claret, at a ſitting. No, no, Miſs Emmy, I may be a d—d bad one, I agree; but I am no fool, either. In a word, couſin Emmy, the match is not a good one, the bite won't take; I ſhall be diſhed if I attempt to ſtand 'the hazard of the die,' as Shakſpeare has it, and ſo I'll be off. And now, as our old poacher has it again, 'a little more than kin, and leſs than kind,' what ſay you, my beautiful Olivia, to going to Newmarket races to-morrow at nine o'clock a. m. preciſely, by my gold ſtop-watch? If ſo, ſay the word, pack up your clothes, ſweet Olivia; and, inſtead of the Comedy of Errors, I mean a trip to Gretna Green, for the purpoſe of ſacrificing on the altar of Venus, where old Cyclops, a prieſt borrowed from

her huſband's workſhop, forges plagued hard chains,—we roll over the Beacon, paſs through the Devil's Ditch, and arrive at a place where Hermes, the god of thieves, is duly and moſt punctiliouſly worſhipped. Believe me, ſweet little witch, you will ſee plenty of pigeons there; and I beg you will take notice that I have not forgot my claſſics. While ſeven's the main I ſhall always recollect Horace. To reſume the ſubject, there will be excellent ſport, I do aſſure you; I have myſelf three matches."

"It is rather ſudden, coz; but ſince you have *goodnaturedly* pleaſed me, I will endeavour to accord with your wiſhes, and I will go to the races."

"That's a good girl," rejoined Pellet; "and may Laura never win me a race, may Mary be diſtanced, and Louiſa bolt, and may I throw crabs a whole evening, if I ever mention love to you again; though—" hitting meanwhile his boot-tops, which could ſcarcely deſerve the name, as they

covered nearly the whole calf of his leg, he vauntingly boaſted—"you might have fared worſe, let me tell you; but you are a good girl, and ſo adieu for the preſent. Does old madam Stately go with us? I take it ſhe will, without a diviſion or a proteſt on her part, unleſs the important news that arrived in London by the laſt night's mail ſhould detain her. Well, adieu, Emmy. Plague take this Comedy of Errors. Good luck to you, girl; though you ſhould not have a *prince* of men for your huſband, you may have Sebaſtian, my lovely Emma. May you never meet a worſe offer. Yet, to ſpeak truth, you are a jewel; no compliment; a lurch is a lurch, call it as you like; and a love-game, Emmy, is a bad game I find. Let ſir Henry Moreton, who muſt know his cue by this time, play it in my ſtead, touch the Spaniſh pocket himſelf, and make you happy; and, ſince you cannot ſhine a jewel in my diadem, charming miſtreſs, you may dine with your beloved at

the Horns. You underſtand me. Come, don't be angry; I owe you a turn for that confounded long catalogue of authors, whoſe names and qualities you gave me; as racers, capital hunters, and draft and ſaddle horſes have their different points and excellencies eloquently deſcribed when they are put up to the hammer at Tatterſal's or Aldridge's. Adieu, my lovely couſin."

Mrs. Maitland came into the room ſoon after Pellet was gone, and Emma was reading to her ſome paſſages from the author ſhe had taken up to peruſe, when doctor Anapeſt preſented himſelf to the ladies.

Doctor Anapeſt had been educated at Oxford, and was formerly the preceptor of the honourable Mr. Pellet. One peculiarity he had, which I cannot forbear mentioning, an averſion to all Cambridge graduates. Bred up at a public ſchool, doctor Anapeſt had diſtinguiſhed himſelf for his knowledge in claſſics at a very early age. He could trace a verb through all the ſimples, com-

pounds, primitives, conjugations, dialects, paradigms, tenses, and moods. It was on account of his wonderful sagacity and profound skill in etymology, that he had acquired from his comrades the distinguished name of Walking Lexicon.

Quotations from the old bard of Chios, the sly rogue Horace, his modest friend Virgil, that shuffler Ovid, flowed as fast from his mouth as he could speak the επεα πτεροεντα, *irrevocabilia verba*, or signs of our ideas. His learned and complex discourse resembled the incessant noise of the bird of ill omen, and he carried an Elzevir classic in his coat pocket, as it is the custom with other men to carry almanacks. The present race of mortals was, in his dogmatic opinion, *progenies vitiosior*, and his circumlocution of language was perambulatory to fastidiousness. In the company of females, noblemen, or merchants, his colloquies were indifferent. He vented his bile on those who were hardy enough to dispute with

him in extemporaneous ſallies of a claſſical imagination; and to indulge in reciprocation of reproaches and clamorous altercation, ſeemed to him a ſource of pleaſure. Yet he was blamable that he ſuppoſed his knowledge to be congealed by the frigorific power of timidity, and never publiſhed any elaborate compoſition. However, he, by this ſilence, eſcaped the cenſure of the unſparing critic, as he avoided 'the frigid villany of ſtudious lewdneſs,' 'the calm malignity of laboured impiety."

His ſhoemaker and taylor ſpoke of him as a man of vaſt *larning*, and a great *ſcholard*, take their words for it. Notwithſtanding his dread of publiſhing the effects of midnight ſtudy, he would frequently ſpeak abruptly of himſelf in faithful imitation of the authors of note among the ancients. He indeed knew more of the Trojan or the Peloponneſian war, the war between Mithridates and the Romans, than the battles of Marlborough, the Ameri-

can war, or the preſent conteſt in which we are engaged. Of the ſituation of the Heleſpont and the Peloponneſus, the doctor was well informed; he could place his finger on the iſthmus of Corinth; but he was totally ignorant of the latitude and longitude of Quebec, Louiſiana, Martinique, Guadaloupe, St. Lucie, Denmark, and Sweden. Was a ſtranger to the nature, climate, and inhabitants of the North, and thoſe countries which are not mentioned by the writers of the Auguſtan age, or not deſcribed by Pomponius Mela. Cellarius was the only modern geographer he had careleſsly conſulted. No Grecian was better acquainted with the merits of the Athenian admirals, Conon and Themiſtocles; no man could diſcourſe more elaborately on the induſtry of the merchants of Phœnicia, or the trade of Carthage; nor did any Roman underſtand their civil law better than the learned doctor Anapeſt; yet of the merits of a Nelſon, Duncan, or lord Vincent, he was totally

ignorant. Did a ſtranger aſk him his opinion of certain important acts of parliament, particular trade, the Eaſt India, ſlave, or Turkey trade, he was told that the Roman ſhips were conſtructed with benches for oars; that power over ſlaves was allowed by the Roman law; and that he was not acquainted with ſuch a place as Turkey. Of the ſect of Ariſtippus, doctor Anapeſt had learned to eat at the tables of the great, where he delivered, from an ore rotundo, ſtreams of eloquence, which he had pumped up from their genuine ſprings. Choruſſes from Sophocles, Euripides, and Æſchylus; but his reſources were unfurniſhed with any paſſage from any modern play. To ſpeak the truth, which no conſideration ſhall induce me to violate, he knew not that Otway or Sheridan had written plays. He had, indeed, from curioſity, peruſed, accompanied with a Horace and Cicero, the plays of Cataline and Sejanus, by honeſt Ben Jonſon. But the criticiſms of modern plays

he received with a true ſardonic grin, as if men of this degenerate age could write.

Waddling, unwieldy, enormous in his gait, doctor Anapeſt entered the room. Having been tutor to Emma's couſin in his childhood, he was immediately known by Mrs. Maitland and her niece.

" How do you do, doctor?" ſaid the former lady.

" Suaviter ut nunc eſt, domina, atque omnia quæ vis."

" Cannot you contrive, good doctor, to tranſlate the Latin in which you are ſuch an adept, for the benefit of unlearned females," anſwered Emma, with an arch ſmile on her countenance.

" Yes, faſcinating nymph, beauteous roſebud, I will explain to you the Engliſh indefinently, bravely as times are, and all things co-ſentaneous to your volition."

" Say rather entirely at your ſervice, that is, with your approbation, doctor," rejoined Mrs. Maitland.

The doctor obsequiously inclined his body; but, in the act of conducting his corporeal inclination, the foretop of his wig, which had been skilfully raised by a friseur, shook out abundantly pulverised fragrance, and his feet tripped, being impeded in the carpet, and letting his stick fall, which he had bought at a great price of an artful merchant, who had told him that it came from the grove of Ilyssus, he, in endeavouring to prevent its being damaged, measured the ground with his length, falling prostrate at the feet of the blushing Emma.

Me miserum dicturus erat—when a French lap-dog laid hold of his coat, and Anapest, afraid of his garment being damaged, was obliged to oppose his adversary. His countenance was overspread with a deeper saffron; again did his hat fall on the ground; and it was with difficulty he could stammer out any apology.

"Madam, Miss Tankerville, forgive me; acquit the unhappy Anapest of intentionally

offending you ; you, who have from Venus, the goddeſs of beauty, the

" κεσῖον ιμανῖα
Ποικιλον· ενθα δε οἱ θελκῖηρια πανῖα τεῖυκῖο,
Ενθ 'ενι μεν φιλοῖης, εν δ'ιμερος, εν δ'οαριστυς
Παρφασις, ἡ τ'εκλεψε νοον πυκα περ φρονεονῖων."

Mrs. Maitland, who was acquainted with the Greek, and had frequently read the Illiad with Pope's tranſlation, ſmiled at the doctor's forced compliment paid to her niece, and repeated the lines from that exquiſite tranſlation.

" the zone
With various ſkill and high embroidery grac'd,
In this was every art and every charm,
To win the wiſeſt and the coldeſt warm;
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay deſire,
The kind deceit, the ſtill-reviving fire."

And then aſked him, if to ſay an unmarried young lady, poſſeſſed of this celebrated ceſtus, could be called a deſirable panegyric.

" I know not," ſaid the doctor, " how to

commend your niece in vernacular diction; nor can I sufficiently extol her merits; but, as for you, Ὦ πόποι, *dii boni, deæque omnes!* you are, I declare madam, the phœnix of literature, the most favoured of Pallas; let me have the honor of paying my respectful homage to you. You are one of the nine, undoubtedly, madam."

"You do me great honor, sir, but undeserved; those lines, doctor, are Pope's."

A newspaper was lying on the table, and Emma read in the leading article in large letters, some remarks concerning Bonaparte. "Is it not true," said Mrs. Maitland, "that such glory as the Corsican usurper desires to enjoy, is to be considered no otherwise than an evil? Juvenal makes Hannibal exclaim,

> "Actum nihil est, ni pœno milite portas
> Frangimus, et mediâ vexillum pono suburra."

"When I look at the number of our volunteer companies, our militia, and our

large ſtanding army; when I conſider what a number of patriotic men, emulous of true glory, are ready to reſign the comforts of life, their intereſts, and their lives, for their country's ſake; I am inclined to think that our ſmall iſland is deſtined to be the check of inordinate ambition in the hands of Providence, who delights to humble proud man, dreſſed in a little brief authority."

"I recollect, madam, that Hannibal was obliged to ſue for protection in the courts of foreign princes: the poet tells us ſo in his golden ſatire:

"O gloria vincitur idem,
Nempè et in exilium præceps fugit, atque ibi magnus
Miranduſque cliens ſedet ad prætoria regis,
Donec Bithyno libeat vigilare tyranno.
Finem animæ quæ res humanas miſcuit olim
Non gladii, non ſaxa dabunt, non tela ſed ille
Cannarum vindex ac tanti ſanguinis ultor
Annulus. I demens et fævas curre per Alpes
Ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias.
Unus Pellæo juveni—"

"I beg your pardon, madam, but the ſubject and the verſes are equally fine; and they incite me to repeat them before ſo excellent a judge."

"Proceed, I beg of you, doctor Anapeſt," anſwered the learned Mrs. Maitland.

The doctor proceeded:

"Unus Pellæo juveni non ſufficit orbis:
Æſtuat infelix anguſto limite mundi
Ut Gyaræ—"

Gyaros, madam, was an iſland in the Ægean ſea.

"Ut Gyaræ clauſus ſcopulis parvâ Seripho."

Seriphus, as well as Gyaros, was one of thoſe iſlands called Cyclades."

"Pray oblige me, doctor, with the beautiful verſes of Juvenal."

Doctor Anapeſt hemmed, cleared his voice, and continued:

"Cum tamen et figulis munitam intraverit urbem
Sarcophago contentus erit."

The doctor had finiſhed his quotation, and Mrs. Maitland obſerved, that the moſt beautiful and natural reflection followed:

"Mors ſola fatetur
Quantula ſint hominum corpuſcula."

Mr. Pope has made ſome uſeful remarks on this ſubject in his Eſſay on Man. The neatneſs and harmony of the lines will be ſufficient excuſe for my introducing them: beſides they are appoſite to a great character:

"Look next on greatneſs, ſay, where greatneſs lies;
Where but among the heroes and the wiſe?
Heroes are much the ſame, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede:
The whole ſtrange purpoſe of their lives to find,
Or make, an *enemy of all mankind.*
Who wickedly is wiſe, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
All fame is foreign but of true deſert,
Plays round the head and comes not to the heart.
One ſelf-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of ſtupid ſtarers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy *Marcellus exil'd* feels,
Than *Cæſar* with a *ſenate at his heels.*"

" But is Buonaparte to be compared to the conqueror of Italy ?" exclaimed the doctor, in pompous ſolemnity. " He is but an homunculus, madam, in compariſon with the general, whom, however, Juvenal cenſures, defeated the Roman legions, ſent buſhels of rings down the Tiber, and ſoftened the frigorific Alps with vinegar."

" And pray, doctor, how could Hannibal carry that quantity of vinegar in his baggage, ſufficient to thaw the ſnow-clad Appenine ? And have you to learn, ſir, that this modern chief has ſubjugated Italy ; that the battle of Lodi was deciſive ; that Milan yielded to his conquering arms ; and that the ſtrong fortreſs of Mantua could not reſiſt his tactics and genius ?"

" I really," rejoined Dr. Anapeſt, " did not know that Buonaparte had been ſo ſucceſsful. I have indeed heard from various report, and from the voice of men, that he is a native of Gaul."

" You have been miſinformed, Dr. Ana-

peſt; he is a Corſican," ſaid the learned Mrs. Maitland.

When Emma reflected on the learning of Dr. Anapeſt, and his ignorance of the affairs that were tranſacting in the world, ſhe thought that it reſembled the information of an old almanack, which is marked with old dates, and gives accounts of events which were intereſting many centuries back.

Dr. Anapeſt, uncomfortable in the preſence of women, left the ladies, deſiring they would remember to preſent his ſalutations to his former tyro, the right honourable Mr. Pellet.

Dauncy had received a letter from Moreton, and called in Portland Street for the purpoſe of ſhowing it to Miſs Tankerville. She received him with the kindneſs due to his merit; beſides, he was the friend of him who had pleaſed her fond heart, whoſe abſence ſhe regretted, and for whom ſhe often wept.

After chatting ſome time with her, giv-

ing her an account of the new plays, and what news was floating in the gay world, he wiſhed her a good morning.

With trembling but delightful ſolicitude ſhe unfolded the letter and read the contents.

" My dear Dauncy,

" With my tears I nearly blotted out the words of your laſt letter. I conſider myſelf as the cauſe of the misfortunes which have wounded the tender and ſenſible mind of my beloved Emma Tankerville. I am to blame, the fault was mine, and I am the ſole cauſe of her miſery. What muſt have been the ſufferings of the gentleſt of her ſex, during ſo fatal an illneſs; but you comfort me, dear Dauncy, by ſaying that the phyſician gives you great hopes. Barbarous and cowardly ſir Richard Oliver, was not your profligacy to be corrected by ſuch anguiſh and ſuffering virtue; and you, my friend, how ſhall I recompence you!

" As for me, had I received my death's wound in her cauſe I ſhould have bleſſed the moment that rendered me her protector. Dauncy, do you know what it is to love ? The pain that the lover feels would be inſupportable, did not hope fill his boſom with ſweet conſolation. The amuſements of this place, which is very populous, are but dull. I feel a vacuum, which requires the ſociety of her I love, to fill. Theſe women have not the graces of my Emma; they are more phlegmatic and reſerved. As the roſe appears among the gaudy and dull holly-oak, ſo ſhines in my mind the beautiful Emma. In compariſon of inferior planets a moſt glorious conſtellation. May I one day have the pleaſure of being united to her by the deareſt and moſt kindred ties!

" I walk, or ſit, melancholy on the banks of the Danube, or penetrate into the thick foreſt. The trees ruſtle over me. The waters of the Danube are agitated, but not ſo troubled as my ſoul. While the bird

wings its towering flight, I envy it, for with thoſe wings I would cleave the liquid air, and ſeek reſt in the boſom of my gentle and affectionate Emma. It is evening, and the ſhades begin to lengthen; and already the lofty ſpire of St. Stephens is obſcurely ſeen; already the neighbouring caſtles are obſcured with the denſe fog. Oh Emma! why art thou not here to lull the agony I feel. I would follow thee as that ſtar that would light me to the manſion of reſt. Why do I not fold thee to my arms, and kiſs thy face dreſſed in enchanting ſmiles? thoſe looks which have moved every tender ſenſation of my ſoul. Now the grey night ariſes, emblem of my journey through life, a journey dark and long. I am a fugitive over the ſolitary heath. But lately a gay and noble proſpect was preſent to my view. It is now paſſed away.

"I ſaw the name of ſir Richard Oliver among thoſe viſitants who grace the rooms of ſplendid faſhion. It was at a certain

lady's in St. James's Street. I am yet pleaſed that he lives; but I admire how he can ſhow his face. He is then recovered from his wounds. I thank God that I did not ſend him into a future world, at a time that he had dared to offer violence to lovely innocence.

"How do you employ yourſelf, dear Dauncy? Has glory enliſted you in the field of war? Are you enrolled among thoſe hardy ſons of my native country, who are armed to defend their rights? My paſſion leaves no place unfilled in my boſom, but love poſſeſſes it unrivalled; and the idea of Emma Tankerville employs me night and day, and I wake from my dream to feel real miſery. When I would deſcribe to you the manners of the Germans, tell you of their cuſtoms, paint to you the beauties of the palace of Sohonbrun, or the Belvidere which ſtands in the neighbourhood of Vienna; when I would write you an account of the army aſſembled in the Eaſtern Gallicia,

love fills my thoughts, directs my imagination, and love is all powerful.

"Ah, if she should come to Vienna during my stay, how grateful should I be. Remember me to her repeatedly, and assure her of my most ardent affection. Make my kind respects and profound acknowledgments to Mrs. Maitland; but, Oh! fail not to speak of my affection to her who now occupies my thoughts.

"I am,

"Your sincere friend,

"VIENNA, 1803. "HEN. MORETON."

CHAPTER XIII.

See, ſide by ſide, his jockey and ſir John
Diſcuſs th' important point of—fix to one.
Go on, brave youths, till in ſome future age
Whips ſhall become the ſenatorial badge;
Till England ſee her thronging ſenators
Meet all at Weſtminſter in boots and ſpurs.
See the whole Houſe, with mutual frenzy mad,
Her patriots all in leathern breeches clad:
Of bets, not taxes, learnedly debate,
And guide with equal reins a ſteed or ſtate.
Warton's Poetical Works.

AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT, BY WHICH A BET OF IMPORTANCE IS DECIDED AT THE RACES AT NEWMARKET.—VARIOUS CHARACTERS DESCRIBED THERE, BY AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.

On the following day, the honourable Mr. Pellet, riding his own hackney for a wager againſt time, accompanied by the Rev. Dr. Daſh, the honourable Mr. Tom Vortex, and my lord Shuffle in a chaiſe and four, left town for Newmarket.

Tom Vortex, who thought that the horſes did not gallop faſt enough, cauſed the carriage to be ſtopped, inſiſting that he would drive the leaders. He then proceeded to pull the poſt-boy off the horſe he rode, for refuſing to give up his office; the lad was much hurt, and left by the road ſide, Mr. Vortex damning him and his whole tribe for impudent ſcoundrels. The companion of Tom Vortex, lord Shuffle, declared that he was ready to ſwear, ſhould an action be brought for the aſſault, that the driver was mortally drunk, and that it was done in ſelf defence, as they were afraid of their lives if he had been ſuffered to drive.

The day was exceeding hot, and Vortex found himſelf tired with driving; he alighted, and, by dint of threats and dreadful imprecations, prevailed on Facile to ſupply his place, as Vortex conceived it would be high fun to ſee a quiz of a Frenchman ride. Facile, after driving ſome miles, wiped his

forehead, and piteouſly exclaimed, " Begar, monſieur, il fait chaud!"

" Drive on, drive on," was the only anſwer he received. " Drive to the devil; au diable, entendez vous?"

" Yes, ſar," Facile replied, and then grinning ſarcaſtically, begged to be informed if his lordſhip, lord Shuffle, would accompany him.

" Do you want this ſtick laid about your ſhoulders? ce baton?"

" Indeed, ſar, I do not." Facile ſhrugged up his ſhoulders as apprehenſive of a blow. " Il fait chaud, en veritè," added the poor perſecuted Frenchman, again rubbing his forehead with his handkerchief.

" Depechez vous, and no more of your d——d French; can't you ſpeak Engliſh, you great coquin."

" Il s'en mordra les doigts," muttered Facile.

The horſe which Tom Vortex had rode, was formerly a ſpirited racer of ſupe-

rior fleetneſs, and had carried off many plates from his competitors. In the language of Tatterſal and Aldridge, he was ſtill a free goer, though reduced to the miſerable ſtate of a poſt horſe. This once ſpirited animal now appeared extremely diſtreſſed, and dropped down in his harneſs, to the great diſcomfiture of the Frenchman, who in vernacular language and broken Engliſh lamented his untoward deſtiny.

A farrier was ſent for, who bled him, and he was walked about half a mile, ſtaggering during the way, when he fell down a ſecond time, panting from exertion; got up again, ſeemed exhauſted, almoſt lifeleſs; ſtruggled for a ſhort time, fell again, groaned and expired. What diſtreſſed the young gentlemen was, that they ſhould have to pay for the brute. His place was ſpeedily ſupplied, and they proceeded on their journey, beſtowing curſes on the innocent cauſe of their detention.

A writer of wit and eminence has ob-

ſerved, that thoſe who treat poſthorſes in the manner they do in this country, ought to undergo the ſame treatment in the identical ſhape of a poſthorſe, allowing that metempſychoſis, or tranſmigration of ſouls, might take place. Was this to happen, what numbers of noblemen, heroes, ſenators, courtiers, and men of fortune, would ſwell the liſt of criminals doomed to a future puniſhment; ſevere indeed, but not inconſiſtent with juſtice, for it muſt be allowed,

"Non lex es juſtior ulla
Quam necis artifices arte perire ſua.

The inventor of the brazen bull,
Moſt juſtly had his belly full."

The parties arrived on the race ground, the honourable Mr. Pellet having won his wager by this unforeſeen circumſtance. Here they found Emma and her aunt, who had arrived ſome time before them. Here were to be met men of buſineſs in the ſtrict ſenſe of the turf vocabulary.

The weather was remarkably fine, and the ſight was novel as well as intereſting to Emma. The fine air on this champaign country, while the ſky alone bounded the view, gave health to the delighted and animated ſpectator. Groupes of comic and tragic figures were worthy of obſervation; from the expreſſion painted on their countenances they would have cauſed a ſmile even from the chaſteſt veſtal. Their anxious looks, while they aſſembled in a croud round the betting poſt, would have called into action the talents of the profound Lavater; nor could the pencil of Bunbury have been better employed with more taſte and humour than in ſketching the groupes of horſemen on Newmarket heath. The beautiful animals ſeemed impatient for the conteſt, and hardly to bear the rein. The horſes were not yet out of the ſtable, when Pellet rode up to the ſide of the ladies' ſociable, and addreſſed them. "I beg leave to introduce to you my friend Mr. Harris."

A gentleman bowed reſpectfully from a poſtchaiſe, and Emma diſcovered it to be the perſon who ſupported the character of the devil at the maſquerade. Mutual civilities paſſed on both ſides, and the ladies invited him into their carriage. Emma was pleaſed at his accepting their offer, as ſhe hoped to derive much pleaſure from his deſcription of the ſcene, and his portraits of many of the principal characters aſſembled at that place; and much profit from his remarks.

Emma began the converſation by remarking, that the Engliſh were particularly fond of this ſport. "What pity is it then that the laws ſhould not check the licentious ſpirit of gaming which ſeems to predominate in theſe places! the ſcenes of villany and thieving that are exhibited on a race ground! If my information has been correct, I believe I am juſtified in expreſſing myſelf in ſuch harſh terms. What idleneſs is the fruit of racing! How many parents, wives, and children, how numerous the

reſpectable, ancient, and virtuous families are there, that bitterly execrate the follies and vices that this ſyſtem of faſhionable depredation produces. Did the legiſlature wiſely interfere, correct me, I intreat of you, ſir, if I am wrong, the bills of mortality would be diminiſhed in the fatal account of ſuicides."

"Thoſe misfortunes which you have mentioned, Miſs Tankerville," obſerved Mr. Harris, "are, it is to be lamented, too frequent; the evils that ariſe from horſe-racing and gaming are, in their conſequences, ruinous and contagious. Many are the fatal examples daily preſented to our contemplation. Would men but conſider; yet, alas! (pardon a devil for quoting ſcripture) 'Will the deaf adder hear, or will the waves of the ſea, agitated by the ſtorm, ſubmit to be controuled by the feeble voice of man?"

"I have been informed," rejoined Emma, "that towards habits of gaming marked has been the deteſtation of men, who have

lived, it might with propriety be ſaid, among packs of cards piled together, loads of dice boxes, liſts of races, and other works of a ſimilar tendency; who, from hard reading in ſuch books, (a college term given to ſtudents, as I have heard my couſin Pellet ſay,) and from long experience, and with a large ſhare of uncommon penetration and acute arithmetic, have ſubſiſted on the roll of a die, the ſhuffle of a pack of cards, or the honour of a jockey. Theſe men have left their fortunes on condition that they would neither marry a gameſter, nor play with dice."

"You are correct, madam," ſaid Mr. Harris. "And now permit me to point out to your notice an example of the truth of your information. That young gentleman in a green coat, whoſe appearance is elegant and prepoſſeſſing, is a ſad inſtance of the miſchievous tendency of this vice. He is a gentleman deſcended from a very reſpectable family in the county of L——. He games, becauſe it is the faſhion; a man

of reaſon ſhould be aſhamed of acting thus. I wiſh ſuch men would attend to the moral play of The Gameſter, and from the much-approved production of the learned and pathetic More, and from the well-painted ſuffering and fate of the infatuated Beverley, avoid the ſnares of Stukeleys, who infeſt theſe reſorts of artifice and plunder. I never ſee ſuch unguarded men but I pity them. I wiſh that they would recollect the many diſtreſſing and tragical events proceeding from ſuch connections, where every idea of true friendſhip is baniſhed. For, let me aſk them, what honourable motive can ſuggeſt the idea of ruining, or impoveriſhing that man whom they call by the ſacred name of friend? The gentleman, whom I have pointed out to you, was once intimate with the P——; he has had many good horſes, been lucky on the turf, but very unſucceſsful at the deſtructive and faſcinating game of billiards, and the ſtill more pernicious hazard.

" You obſerve that nobleman, mounted on a ſmall black poney, his hair blanched with age, is long and tied, his beaver is cocked, the nap of which the rapacious hand of time has ſtripped, he is dreſſed in a ſuit of black, and has on a pair of boots; his eye, if you obſerve, is remarkably quick, his countenance has the marks of penetration and acuteneſs, and he has the appearance of having been in the prime of life a handſome man; his manners are elegant; at this moment he is placing his hand upon his breaſt, proteſting to ſir Frank Steady his great friendſhip, and begs that his horſe may be conſidered as his own. It is his grace the duke of ———. I need not inform you that he was once, premier of this country.

" That little ſturdy man in black, who is offering to take fifty to forty on Louiſa, was once a butcher, and literally carried a tray on his back. Mr. Steelyard is now an opulent man, he is a gambling broker: it

may be neceſſary to explain what this office is. Gentlemen amateurs of the turf, ſometimes find themſelves unable to attend the races; theſe therefore commiſſion the *little man in black* to bet on the different horſes by commiſſion, naming what horſes they chooſe, and how deep they mean to embark. Mr. Steelyard executes their orders, pays and receives their money; if the horſes which he backs ſhould win, he is paid a certain additional ſum; if they loſe, he is alſo paid for his trouble.

"He was once unfortunately embarraſſed on the turf, and having a great deal at ſtake, and being about to be roaſted, he trembled in every joint, for his creditors were preparing to inflict ſevere diſcipline upon their unfortunate victim, when, putting ſpurs to his horſe, he bolted from the courſe, outſtripping the rapid Æolus in his flight, and thus was enabled to ſave his bacon, while the name of Steelyard was uttered with marks of contempt, and denunciations of

the moſt dreadful vengeance. Great men rebound from their fall; and he is now the leading man among his aſſociates, connected with whom, he keeps an EO table, hazard, et cetera; and is reſpected by many faſhionable men, who know him; add to this he finds his market in the inexperience of thoſe whom he gently ſalutes by the title of *volatile* young men.

" What a mixed aſſemblage! Noblemen and thieves; gentlemen of fortune, and beggars; peereſſes, women more modeſt than the nymphs of Diana, and kept miſtreſſes. To inſtance the truth of my remark;—that fellow, talking to a jockey, a man whom the pupil of Lavater would inſtantly pronounce a rogue, (you obſerve what a forbidding, pale, cadaverous, and villanous aſpect he has,) was once guilty of a trifling offence. Having found himſelf conſiderably the loſer after a day of buſineſs, he indemnified himſelf by ſtealing the very jubilee cup for which the horſes had run.

As Scipio was called Africanus from his glorious exploit, and lord Duncan received the title of Baron of Camperdown from his naval victory over the Dutch off Camperdown; and the great Nelson distinguished with the appropriate title of Baron Nelson of the Nile; so this honourable man (may I dare to mention him in the same breath with those heroes) has been since known on the turf under the appropriate epithet of Jubilee Jack.

" Virtue as well as vice is to be found in these places. The honourable Mr. Honeybourne, who is betting at the post with Mr. Sallow, is the son of viscount H———, a nobleman who has graced the polished scenes of life. His brother, who was educated at Eton, passed through that great school with honour, and displayed great genius. From thence he went rewarded with the approbation of his masters, and the love of his schoolfellows, to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was entered as a fel-

low commoner. He did not ſuffer his talents to lie dormant; he increaſed his fame, obtained many rewards, and was pointed out as an elegant ſpeaker. He has written poetry ſince his departure from College. One of the beſt dramatic writers has brought his talents into notice; and his writings teſtify that panegyric has not been unduly attributed to his talents for compoſition. Uncommon good-nature and firmneſs of principle are among his virtues.

" The antiquated peer ſeated on the box of his coach and four, from whence he is ſwearing at his coachman, you have, Miſs Tankerville, met at public places and faſhionable aſſemblies. Happy are thoſe females who are unacquainted with him.

" The charieſt maid is prodigal enough
If ſhe uumaſk her beauty to *his grace.*
Virtue itſelf 'ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes,
The canker gnaws the infants of the ſpring."

" But pray, ſir," ſaid Emma, " who is

that gentleman in close conference with my cousin Pellet?"

"It is captain College, good Miss Tankerville; his life resembles that of many who are gamesters by profession. He has been confined in the K—'s b—h, but having been liberated, he is able to pursue his system. His mind has become blunted after alternate and sudden changes from prosperity to adversity, and again from bad to good fortune. These frequent and rapid changes must inevitably deaden the good qualities of the heart, produce disquietude of soul, bodily ill health, and premature death; for you may observe the marks of disease strong in the countenance of gamesters, and that they are frequently cut off in the midst of their projects, are evils the next in succession arising from this fatal passion. And this is the goal, which gamesters, after the most indefatigable and severe exertions of the mind, which men of this description certainly sustain, which they

toil to reach, to attain which, they have practiſed the greateſt reſtraints, and theſe are the rewards. The exchange of all that is amiable, for all that is abhorrent in human nature, the defeat of virtue, and the triumph of vice; in ſhort, for contentment and peace of mind, miſery and remorſe of conſcience. Surely, ladies, you will deem ſuch men to act by rule, the parts of madmen. Every other extravagance has its boundary prefixed; but gaming knows of none. A man when he ſtakes his guinea may in as ſhort a ſpace of time loſe his thouſands. The gameſter ſhould ſit down contented with his firſt loſs, reſolving not to ſtrive after a viſionary phantom. But, as I have before ſaid, many launch into this pernicious vice from no oſtenſible reaſon. A young man, to acquire the diſtinction of being a man of wit, ſpirit, and faſhion, ſtarts as a candidate for the honours of the turf, where he ſoon falls into the ſnares laid for him by the cunning and artifice of jockeys, and the ingenuity

of blacklegs. The progreſs he makes is gradual. Betting, from being an occaſional whim or amuſement, is now a perpetual employment and fatigue, perhaps a neceſſary ſupport; nor does he diſcover his error until he is gone too far to recede. His principles, let them have been ever ſo firm, become ſhaken; he neither loves mankind, nor has he one friend; he is, indeed, an aſſociate with profeſſed gameſters, an infernal flock, who, like the fabled harpies, will plunder the hungry. He lives in conſtant violation of the laws of his country; the inordinate deſire of gain is ſolely prevalent in his mind. Both by the light of the ſun and the midnight taper, he ſacrifices to the ſhrine of lucre that homage due to virtue, and that peculiar happineſs ariſing from a rectitude of conduct. No longer does an ingenuous bluſh overſpread his features; and in ſullen apathy and peeviſh care he robs the young and inexperienced. O philoſophy, how art thou degraded! and to

what baſe purpoſes art thou ſacrificed! Poſſibly you think that I am too ſevere a cenſor. I wiſh that I was able to prevent one perſon from plunging into this dreadful and miſerable abyſs of deſtruction! I would call ſo loud that my efforts ſhould at leaſt gain ſome patient hearing."

"It is a pity that good and honourable ſentiments," replied Emma, "ſhould be thrown away, when diſcourſes, which ſerve to inflame the paſſions and encourage vice, meet with unparalleled ſucceſs. O heavens! what a fate, as you have deſcribed, muſt the gameſter ſuffer!" She ſighed as ſhe uttered theſe words, for ſhe feared leſt Henry Moreton, in ſpite of his good ſenſe, might be attracted to the gaming table; and to ſee ſo noble a work of nature marred, indeed would be pitiable to all who knew him.

Mr. Harris ſmiled, "Not all come here for mere gaming. There are ſome who love the ſport that horſe-racing affords,

and are deſirous of encouraging the breed of horſes. Such are the duke of ———, the honourable Mr. Honeybourne, and a few others. You ſee that gentleman talking to a man in thickſet breeches and jockey boots; his name is ſir E—— W——, his manners are as coarſe as his waterproof ſurtout. He has a large eſtate in Cambridgeſhire, which he has lately purchaſed, where he ſpends many ſtudious hours in peruſing Beckford on Hunting, and the luminous pages of the Sporting Magazine."

"Pray, Mr. Harris, oblige me with the name of that gentleman with a ſagacious aſpect; he is diſputing with a gentleman with whom, I dare venture to ſay, ſir, he is very much enraged indeed."

"He is the author of a novel called Vaurien; a man of ability, but of no fixed religion. Yet I will venture to ſay that he is a good-natured creature, and has more of the milk of humanity than many orthodox Chriſtians.

" But, pray obſerve a character on the outſide of the betting-poſt, apart from the company. Mr. Drug is one of the conſtant bettors. He was once a reſpectable chemiſt and apothecary; but Fordyce, Bell, Cullen, and Buchan, are exchanged for the Racing Calendar and Taplin's Farriery. He is the owner of the horſe Malta, which is now about to ſtart."

A lady in a curricle bowed to Emma. Handſome, free, and cheerful, the youthful Georgiana was liſtening to the gallantry of a young man whom faſhion boaſted as its admiring votary. Heaven ſeemed to ſmile in her countenance, and innocence lived in the dimple that adorned her cheek.

" Miſs Tankerville, you know that young lady," obſerved Mr. Harris.

Emma anſwered, " She is an acquaintance of mine."

" I am ſorry," Mr. Harris rejoined, " that ſhe is in company with a libertine, who ſets cenſure at defiance. The prudent fair will

always avoid the appearance of ill. Self denials in themſelves are tranſient, but their reward is laſting. Were I to keep up the character in which I had firſt the pleaſure of ſeeing you, I ſhould, charming Miſs Tankerville, abhor that conſummate ornament of your ſex, chaſtity; but, devil as I am, I cannot contemplate the ruin of female honour, without ſhuddering at thinking of the conſequences. Heavenly virtue! how fallen is that wretched woman who loſes thee! Chaſtity is certainly the pureſt of virtues; it may be diſtinguiſhed as the eſſential virtue of unmarried women."

Mrs. Maitland begged leave to return Mr. Harris thanks, in a ſtrain of merited eulogy.

The noiſe of the bettors, in various parts of the circle, prevented further diſcourſe. The honourable Mr. Pellet, who had juſt quitted Mr. Vauxhall Prieſt, of the fraternity of blacklegs, informed them that the horſes

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were out, and would pafs the very fpot where they were.

Some young dafhing Cantabs drove their tandem in contact with the carriage, and would have demolifhed their own vehicle, and done much mifchief to the fociable in which the ladies were feated, had not Pellet ridden to their horfes' heads, and turned the leader. A rough blunt man, of corpulent make, dreffed in a greafy coat and waiftcoat, fuftian breeches, and an old hat, who in Cambridge followed a trade, and let out horfes to the academicians, jeered them in ftrong terms for being flats.

The cries of the multitude fully engaged the attention of Emma, vociferating confufedly,

" Malta for ever!"

" Louifa will win, for a hundred!"

" Peckham-Gap for my money!"

" I'll take you, two to one!"—" Done, " Done."

Other cries rent the troubled air, when

Peckham-Gap, who was not expected to win, won by a neck. The knowing ones looked confounded, and aſſumed a conſpicuous length of viſage. The reverend doctor Daſh vented his ſighs, and groaned inwardly. Pellet dug ſpurs in his horſe from ſpite and vexation; and the honourable Tom Vortex beſtowed loud and repeated imprecations on Fortune, the company, the judge, the jockeys, and the winning horſe Peckham-Gap.

While the horſes were being rubbed down, covered with foam, and wincing from pain, Emma viewed with concern, mixed with admiration, the fine-ſpirited animals, loaded above their ſtrength for the purpoſe of affording ſport, and making good matches.

There were many races afterwards, in which Pellet was more ſucceſsful. The doctor, before the races were ended, had ſuffered his countenance to brighten: indeed it was before diſmally overcaſt; and the honourable Tom Vortex was in higher ſpirits,

laughed in a greater degree, talked louder, and ſwore more heartily than ever. Facile, who was the butt as well as ſervant of the joint community, rather than the private property of the honourable Mr. Pellet, reaped the fruits of good fortune. The honourable Tom Vortex preſented him with ten guineas, ſaying, "Here, you b—ſt, here are ten pieces for you!" Facile thanked him, making a low bow, aſſuring him of that profound reſpect he had for the friends of his maſter, the right honourable Mr. Pellet; and put the money carefully into his pocket, laughing in his ſleeve that John Bull was ſo great a dupe.

A gentleman, at firſt unknown to Emma, rode up to the ſociable, and having bowed to the company, addreſſed Emma, ſaying, "Pardon me, madam, but I have the pleaſure of knowing you."

"Indeed, ſir, you have the advantage of me."

"Do you not recollect a ſtranger in Perk-

ley ſquare, in the character of a poet, who had the honour of preſenting you a trifling love elegy? I am that bard; and I now, with your permiſſion," taking a paper out of his pocket, " put into your hands a copy of verſes on an unfortunate young man of my acquaintance, who is mentally deranged. Yes, great have been thy misfortunes, poor hapleſs boy!" ſaid the poet, wiping his eyes, then in the midſt of tears; and again with energy exclaimed, " God will have pity on thee, will reſtore thee to the rights of ſociety, will place thee in a ſtate of happineſs and ſafety. The waters of deſtruction now overwhelm thee."

" And pray, my good ſir, who is this unhappy ſufferer?" ſaid Emma, with feeling eloquence.

" He is a young man, who went mad when he heard of the death of Laura, whom he loved. I have attempted to delineate his ſufferings; a tribute of friendſhip to the

poor youth. Farewell! light be thy ſufferings!"

He placed the verſes in her hand with reſpect. Emma bowed. The poet put his handkerchief to his eyes: he wiped off the tear which trickled down his cheek. The ladies invited him to dine, and ſpend the evening with them. "My heart is too full," he replied: "I have but indifferent health, and I am much worſe ſince my poor friend has been ill. Heaven calm his mind, and reſtore him to his ſenſes!"

He took his leave of the party, promiſing to call in Portland ſtreet, and rode into the midſt of the throng.

The laſt races being finiſhed, the company drove into the town of Newmarket, the reſort of ſaddlers, jockeys, noblemen, officers, cantabs, horſe-dealers, blacklegs, ſwindlers, and thieves.

Pellet that evening made an aſſignation with the maid at the inn where he ſlept. Having made known to Facile that his at-

tentions were unneceſſary, he waited for the kind Abigail to light him to bed. When he talked of love to the fair maid, ſhe coldly repulſed his ſuit, inſinuating, that "if ſhe ſhould be ruined, ſhe could not ſay what would become of her."

"My charming Sally, if you truſt to me, I'll take care that you ſhall not be diſhed this time."

"Ay, but I know you are all baſe men. O dear ſir, do, I muſt entreat of you, be quiet. Mercy on me, how you pull me about! I ſhall be very angry, 'pon honour."

Pellet, who knew that Philip of Macedon had ſubdued ſtates with gold; that Jupiter in a golden ſhower had wooed the daughter of the wary Acriſius to his embraces; that its efficacy had been ſucceſsfully tried in all nations, and by characters of every deſcription; now eſſayed what all-powerful bribery would effect.

"Is it true that you love me, ſir," ſighed Sally, as ſhe caught a tranſient view of the

gold in his hand. "Well then, I *vows* and *purteſts*, I *thinks* you, ſir, a very, very handſome gentleman."

Pellet, had no ſooner dropped the money in her hand, than Sally declared that ſhe was afraid ſhe ſhould be miſſed, and "ſhe was mortal ſorry, but ſhe muſt go."

"Nonſenſe!" Pellet cried; "this kiſs convinces you how I love you."

His kiſſes, it is true, were ſweet; but they would not find her in tea and ſugar, which ſhe had to buy herſelf.

Pellet remonſtrated, he pleaded his purchaſe-money: the girl laughed at him, was more coy than ever, and had her hand on the lock of the door, with the intention of quitting the room. When her lover found that entreaties were uſeleſs, apprehenſive that forcing the fair damſel would only alarm the inn, he coolly diſmiſſed her, ſaying,

"The longer my purſe is, the more ardently you will love me; but faith, you would drain the purſe of a nabob. So fare-

well, Sally. But if you catch me again, I'll give you leave to pronounce Pellet the d——d'ſt flat that ever came into the devil's territories, Newmarket."

CHAPTER XIV.

She is my ſaint—to her my prayers are made,
With oft-repeated gifts of flowers and tears.
HAMMOND.

In the courſe of the following evening, Emma read the verſes which had been given to her on the race-ground, by the gentleman whom ſhe had firſt known in the character of the Poet.

They were entitled, "Verſes on an Unfortunate young Man, a Lunatic;" and ſhe read as follows:

———" Sure 'twas the Maniac's voice,
Which oft at night my broken ſlumbers croſs.
Again, as Luna ſhines, I hear the groan,
And notes ſurpaſſing Philomel's ſad moan,
As when ſhe warbles to the liſtening grove,
Robb'd of the tender pledges of her love.
'Tis Florio's voice, well have I known the youth,
The child of virtue, the firm friend of truth.

His eyes expreſſive ſhew'd the ſoul's receſs;
Bleſs'd in himſelf, he knew each friend to bleſs.
Thoſe eyes, with joy which once were wont to beam,
Now round his chamber dart a diſmal gleam.
His cheeks fair health once ting'd with roſy hue,
His form as lofty cedar fair to view,
His gait expreſs'd the image of his God,
Subject to death he like an angel trod.
His forehead open, iv'ry row of teeth,
His auburn hair and ſweetly ſmelling breath;
All theſe, impreſſive, ſhew'd the plaſtic art,
His form was perfect, noble was his heart.
Where are the jeſts that tables ſet in roar,
Where is that wit that ſeem'd to heaven to ſoar?
Beauteous he was, as ſome ſweet flowers of May,
Which ſcent the air when Phœbus darts his ray.
He raves! he raves! I hear the clanking chain,
Grief gnaws his heart and turns his joy to pain.
How wide the diff'rence now, unhappy youth,
Weep, O my muſe! declare the fatal truth.
That Being, oft, his tongue knows not to ſeek,
Who, cloth'd in majeſty, upholds the weak.
The ſun to others ſheds his cheerful rays,
In gloomy nights he waſtes unnumber'd days.
For what are years to him? Months, hours, the ſame,
He'd raving rend his horrid ghaſtly frame.
The ſun ſhines not on him, but thro' his grate
Juſt gives one ray to ſhew his mournful fate.

Nor will the hapleſs youth his wounds diſcloſe,
For how can he diſtinguiſh friends from foes?
In the dark cell-he lies ſtretch'd out on ſtraws,
Sad alien even to his country's laws.
Pale are his cheeks, his eyes are ſet in night,
Or elſe beſpeak grief, anguiſh, madneſs, fright.
Left to himſelf in ſolitude to weep,
He rarely taſtes the friendly gifts of ſleep.
Hither your tortures bring, your iron lock,
And at his quivering heart, barbarians, knock.
Force may do much, yet ſure he's human ſtill,
Your brother—proudly add not ill to ill.
Chang'd is that form which pleas'd, thoſe looks of fire,
That beam'd with joy, or fann'd the warm deſire.
Relentleſs fate! love drives him to and fro,
And death's the ſource from which his ſorrows flow.
Laura, he ſighs; alas! ſhe hears no more,
A youthful victim on an unknown ſhore.
O fatal change! ſweet prey of fell diſeaſe,
This the deſtroying angel muſt appeaſe.
This, that thy friends the ſtricken deer ſhould fly,
Bid thee go weep, leave thee on ſtraw to die,
Unhous'd, uncomforted, yet ſtill unchang'd,
Thy mind bright thoughts can utter; but derang'd.
Alas, he's mad! in his diſtemper'd brain
Judgment oft links the yet unbroken chain.
Half famiſh'd, taſting half enjoyed reſt,
From his drear cell has Florio love expreſs'd.

Say, Sheen, ſhall I never ſee more
Thy beauties, or bid the Thames flow?
Tell Laura my grief, make the ſhore
Reſound with my deep-toned woe.

Ah, well a-day! but drop one tear,
For Pity's ſake, on Laura's bier;
Freſh flowers ſtrew, while Fancy ſings
Her dirge, ſad Cupid her knell rings.

My heart is quite ſunk with deſpair,
Tears of ſorrow have water'd my bed,
I rave as I rend off my hair—
Lov'd Shade! alas, would I were dead!

Ah, well a day! but drop one tear,
For Pity's ſake, on Laura's bier;
Freſh flowers ſtrew, while Fancy ſings
Her dirge, ſad Cupid her knell rings.

A ſtern keeper bids me give o'er,
And a ſcanty pittance is mine;
Shall I ſee the bleſs'd ſun ſhine no more?
O God!—but I muſt not repine.

Ah, well a-day! but drop one tear,
For Pity's ſake, on Laura's bier;
Freſh flowers ſtrew, while Fancy ſings
Her dirge, ſad Cupid her knell rings.

Tho' the caverns of hell widely yawn,
Tho' the whirlwinds tempeſtuous rage,
O Laura, where'er thou art borne,
To follow thee, ſweet, I engage.

Ah, well a-day! but drop one tear,
For Pity's ſake, on Laura's bier;
Freſh flowers ſtrew, while Fancy ſings
Her dirge, ſad Cupid her knell rings.

The wedding bell rings—I have wove
For thee a moſt fanciful wreath—
Ah, would I were dead, ſweeteſt love,
For the knell that I hear is of death.

Ah, well a day! but drop one tear,
For Pity's ſake, on Laura's bier;
Freſh flowers ſtrew, while Fancy ſings
Her dirge, ſad Cupid her knell rings.

"O give me my ſenſes, ſweet Heaven! let not every ray of reaſon be extinguiſhed. I am but a weak and feeble mortal. Alas, alas, well-a-day! My brain is diſturbed. Let me be myſelf, ſweet Heaven! O mental darkneſs, how thick thou art! moſt imperviouſly thick! denſe, even as thy kindred chaos. Laura! oh Laura! one look of

affection from thy ſhroud! Art thou pale, ſweetheart! Poor luckleſs fair one. Much, much am I troubled for thee! The ringlets, which added to thy luxuriant beauties, now ſhroud thy pale and aſhy face, Thoſe blue eyes, which ſo lately ſhot Love's archery—are not their hollow and bloodleſs ſockets receptacles for the cankering, unfeeling, riotous worm. The roſes of thy cheek, have they not been plucked by the cold hand of the ſpoiler? Thoſe lips! O fatal triumph! inexorable deſtroyer, fell archer, thou haſt ſped thy arrow! let my wound flow, let the purple tide which iſſues warm from my heart flow; my heart will ſoon break. Soft—ſay, is there no panacea? Oh thoſe dimpled ſmiles, treacherous enemies of my repoſe! Oh, thoſe teeth, ſo pearly—ſee! they are now putrid; foh! thoſe too, which ſurpaſſed in beauty the loveliеſt mould, are rotting, and, half fleſh and half cold clay, are changing. Cover her up with the ſhroud, poor

girl; yet ſtay, I will ſeek theſe charms, her dank, her bloodleſs eyes, her pallid cheeks, her clay-cold mouth, her gums; to me they may exhale odour ſweeter than the gales of Arabia. That breath is tainted; but once how ſweetly odoriferous it was. Dead, poor ſoul; ſo are my hopes. Get thee to thy chamber and perfume, paint thyſelf, yet to this condition muſt thou come at laſt. Foh! place the lid cloſe; for, oh, what a ſight was there! Theſe are blaſts from hell. Laura, my Laura, awake; my dear, once more ſeem to liſten to me. I ſummon thee, it is thy Florio calls. Art cold, my girl? ſo am I; bitter, very, very cold.

"Ah, who ſhot that arrow? It has pierced me. The wound eats into my marrow. The anguiſh it leaves is intolerable. Heal, heal me. The vial of wrath has been poured upon me, and I cannot bear the torment. Yet! yet let me claſp thee, Laura, even as thou art; I am thine ſtill; thine own betrothed ſpouſe, who loved thee bet-

ter than thine own kindred; thy marrowleſs form frightens not me. O, it is Florio calls his beloved Laura. Fatal ſtroke! which has deprived me of thee. Unhappy, miſerable, moſt miſerable bride! Cruel parents! ye muſt have had hearts of ſtone! Savage tigers muſt have been your parents.

Ah, well-a-day! but drop one tear,
For Pity's ſake, on Laura's bier;
Freſh flowers ſtrew, while Fancy ſings
Her dirge, ſad Cupid her knell rings.

"Poor Florio's cold: who eats the ſtraw? Fetch me a blanket for my naked loins, for my ſhivering limbs. O Philoſophy, what a bubble thou art! What doctor, what logic, can cure my diſeaſe? I have, it is true, my death's wound in the death of Laura. It is here: feel how my heart pants.

My heart is quite ſunk with deſpair,
Tears of ſorrow have water'd my bed;
I rave as I rend off my hair—
Lov'd Shade! alas, would I were dead!

"Death ſpares not the faireſt maid! Had his bitter rage fallen on me, I ſhould have

ſmiled in agony. Now, now, maniac that I am, I muſt drag out a miſerable exiſtence, a lazar and unpitied. Now, what will become of thee? what wouldſt thou ſay? or where is the Samaritan who will liſten to thy complaint, and pour oil into thy wounds?

"Yet it is true, the old, cadaverous, and feeble are ſuffered to live, while death taints 'the bloomy fluſh of youth.' Gracious Power! is beauty like the painted arch in the heavens, only to be looked at through watery impreſſions. Yet I did not mean to ſhed one tear, but my grief—— Will you not ſit down, gentlemen! You are welcome; no ceremony. Light, light up the girandoles! more glaſſes. To the fair Laura; let me not think of her. There's madneſs in that very, very thought. Peerleſs maid, if charming muſic is thy pleaſure, Phœbus' ſelf ſhall attune his harp; if the dance, the gaiety of France ſhall join in the maze. Come, my ſoft, do you hear

how the tones melt into each other! There is melodious ſymphony, heavenly ſtrains. Huſh, it is a ſeraph breathes. Poſſibly my good genius is preparing at this inſtant to lull the tortures of my mind.

"Yet my mind I feel is out of harmony! Alas! its tones are diſcordant. I have juſt ſenſe enough to perceive my miſery. Here! here! Quick! quick! quick! lend me your hand. I'll muffle it, my Laura! How cold it is! for thine own precious ſake, warm it, dear girl, in my boſom, for fever rages here; and ſuch a fever———

"Mercy, good Heaven! the water pours down in torrents; my breaſt conceals flames more devouring than Ætna, more deſtructive than Veſuvius, more ſcorching than the fire of the damned; no water in heaven! not one drop for a poor ſinner, who is more parch'd than the traveller of the deſert. See how ſhe ſmiles upon me, and invites me to the dance. It is not deluſion, ſurely, Father of mercies!

" Again I ſhiver, but it is not with fear. Ah colder art thou, poor Laura! Heavenly Father, hear the prayer of the afflicted; but beſtow thy pity on my Laura.

Dear youth compoſe thyſelf, thy ſorrow calm,
Still for the Chriſtian's wound there's heavenly balm.
Methought I heard a voice ſhout " Peace to man,"
Shall Wiſdom infinite, vain mortals ſcan?
Yet though thou'rt ſubject to the dire diſeaſe,
Tho' chang'd that form, which once knew well to
pleaſe,
Thou feel'ſt a weight, how grievous to be borne,
The ſport of ſtrangers and the madman's ſcorn.
Strangers, ſelf-happy in their wiſdom, thoſe
Guarded by Nature cannot feel thy woes;
For with this ſaw, ſage reaſon can't diſpenſe,
That he, who has not, never loſes ſenſe.
Such men can never feel the madman's pains;
Strange bankrupts, to whom heaven ne'er gave brains.
Tho' ſubject now to evil, kiſs the rod,
In lucid intervals adore their God.

Thou, who didſt once in native worth excel,
In virtue's acts unrivall'd, fare thee well!
Farewell! and oh, may health again be thine;
To heal thee, friends and liberty combine.

Such friends as will compoſe thy troubled care,
Will bear thy griefs, and all thy joys will ſhare—
Once more thy voice, attun'd to meaſur'd lays,
Shall chant thy merciful Creator's praiſe.
Thy wit once more ſhall grace the ſocial board,
To health and liberty and friends reſtor'd.
Thy mind, renew'd to life, freſh power ſhall ſhare,
And all thy promis'd bleſſoms bring to bear.

Again, farewell; and while heartbreaking ſighs
For thy ſore wounds ſhall in my boſom riſe,
Thou man of ſorrow, ſtill be this thy guide,
God never errs, tho' ills frail man betide.
This maxim chooſe when reaſon chance ſhould dawn,
By patient men ſuch ſtrokes are humbly born."

After calling for their bill, Mrs. Maitland and Emma, joined by the honourable Mr. Pellet, made preparations for their journey to the metropolis. Pellet, who ſaw that every article in the bill had been ſhamefully overcharged, concluded that the innkeeper had taken more than uſual advantage, from having heard it rumoured, that he had been particularly ſucceſsful the preceding day on the turf; and he determined to remonſtrate. He read the different charges with impa-

tience, ſwearing that the landlord belonged to the ſet, that he was as d—d a black-leg as ever frequented Newmarket, and he firmly believed that he was in partnerſhip with all the jockeys; but he was terribly miſtaken. "I'll let him know," obſerved the Senator with energy, "I'll let him know there are people who underſtand trap as well as he does. What, trample upon the rights of a member of parliament! You forget that I am not obliged to pay you one farthing. There is no touching me; you know that, Aunt. My perſon is ſacred; then, landlord, what do you mean by this fooliſh and infamous attempt at extortion. Landlords, inſtead of being hoſts to entertain ſtrangers in a hoſpitable manner, are mere ſharks, who live and batten on them."

He rang the bell loudly.

The waiter appeared in a moment.

"You were going in," ſaid Pellet; "you had better have gone to Old Beelzebub; though, I believe, you and your cheating

maſter already belong to more than one hell. Old Boniface goes ſhares with a tribe of blacklegs, as they are improperly called; for who would call any townſman of Newmarket a blackleg?" *Laughing.*

"Sir," anſwered the waiter, apparently concerned for his honour; "I am no inhabitant of Newmarket; I am not ſtationary, upon my honour and credit; I am only hired for the race-time: but," bowing, "I'll let you know, ſir, what my maſter ſays, or tell him, ſir, to come to you in a minute; but I beg you will not think I belong to Newmarket, ſir; I do not live in the town, upon my credit, ſir. I would not live here to be maſter of the inn, ſir."

Pellet threw out imprecations at him for being a civil kind of raſcal, and promiſed that he would remember him in the bill.

The landlord entered the room with a low bow. "Landlord," ſaid Pellet, "did you ever, before this, make ſuch a bill? You have taken us in, you think; but I'll

be d—d, old Boniface, if you'll take yourself out till your bill is taxed."

The ROSE.

The Right Hon. John Pellet to Samuel Oatlands, Dr.

Dinner—three persons.	*l.*	*s.*	*d.*
Soup	0	15	0
Stewed carp	1	1	0
Soles	0	10	6
Fricaseed chicken	0	10	6
Shoulder of mutton surprised, garnished with barbaries, &c.	0	11	0
Dish of chops à la Maintenon, and picquant sauce, (as desired)	0	17	0
Point du jour fritters	0	15	0
Artichokes	0	8	0
Bread and cheese	0	7	6
Dessert	0	7	6
Two bottles of Madeira	0	18	0
One bottle Burgundy	1	1	0
Coffee	0	10	6
Horses stabling, corn and hay	5	5	0
	13	17	6

"What! have we consumed more than three times the number? D——e, if I'll pay the bill as it stands at present. If it *passes the house*, it shall be known *out of doors* with all the faults, errors, and impositions with which it is marked on its head, or never trust the honourable Mr. Pellet, member of parliament. I'll *Post* you, have you in *The Times*, or *Chronicle*, or you shall stand disgraced among *True Britons*, or my name is not what it is, Jack Pellet. So you see, Mr. Boniface, you had better put pen to paper; and yet you have forgot to charge one article."

"What can that be, sir?" said the landlord. "I am not sensible what it can be, sir."

"Why, you have omitted charging the pepper and salt."

Pellet laughed immoderately at the witticism of which he was the author; and the landlord, seeing his cue, laughed more heartily than that gentleman, whom he in-

tended to dupe; and when aſked by Mr. Pellet the reaſon of his mirth, replied, "that his honour was ſo droll, that if he was offered the value of a ſweepſtakes, he could not help laughing—he! he! he! hah! hah! hah! oh! oh! oh! he would be horſewhipped, if he could help laughing. Pellet paid him his bill, told him to reform, or he would chance get into *the narrows*, or perhaps, as a reward for his piracies, be doom'd *to keep an ironmonger's ſhop on the heath.*

On their journey to town, the carriage was attacked by two highwaymen, who demanded their money with the moſt terrible oaths. To one of the villains who held a piſtol to Emma's breaſt, ſhe with collected courage ſaid, that if he would remove the murderous weapon, ſhe would comply with his demands, though much againſt the inclination of her couſin, who would have ſhot the man, had ſhe not forcibly held back his hand. Emma then gave him her

purſe, wiſhed that it might be of ſervice to him, conjured him to quit his dangerous, illegal, and wretched occupation, deſired him to call at the houſe which anſwered to her addreſs, and then ſlipped a card into his hand. The highwayman thanked her in a feeling manner, and our heroine was happy in being conſcious, that ſhe had performed her duty in counſelling a fellow-creature, who was hurrying to deſtruction.

"A pretty buſineſs," ſaid Pellet when the highwaymen were gone; "very romantic, on my honour; and ſo there's a fine opportunity gone of my name being in the papers. It would have appeared d—d glorious to have ſhot a highwayman."

"More glorious, in my opinion," ſaid Mrs. Maitland, "to have acted as Emma has; ſhe is a good girl, and heaven will give her ſome deſerved invaluable recompenſe."

They arrived in London without further delay or accident, and in a few days Mrs. Maitland and her niece embarked for Vienna.

She had taken an affectionate leave of Pellet, and had given him ſome excellent advice, but which, ſhe much feared, would prove ineffectual in the ſequel.

CHAPTER XV.

SIR HENRY MORETON IS SO UNFASHIONABLE AS TO DARE TO MORALIZE.—TEMPTATION IS DANGEROUS WHEN A LOVELY FEMALE PREPARES HER SNARES.—AN ESCAPE.—FATAL CONSEQUENCES OF PASSION.

SIR Henry Moreton, ſolely occupied in nouriſhing the paſſion which conſumed him, and regretting his abſence from her to whom he had declared the moſt ardent affection, was one day walking in the ſtreets of Vienna, when he was met by an old ſchool-fellow, who was on his travels.

At meeting, their reciprocal ſalutations were friendly and cordial.

" Moreton, I am glad to ſee you. How long have you been here?"

"About twelve months; but what brings you to Vienna?"

"Why the duke of ——, my grandfather, would perſuade my father that I ſhould travel. All young men did, when he was of my age; he had made the grand tour; and ſo, to pleaſe old Hunks, I was obliged to leave England and all its amuſements. If it was not for billiards and drinking, and a little card-playing, this would be an inſufferable place. Faith the Germans are moſt confounded dull. Nor have I any admiration for the broiling of St. Laurence, or Egbert Hemſkirk, called the Young, who painted droll enchantments and devils. Now, my tutor is a good billiard player; drinks as hard as any German; loves cards, and has no diſinclination to ſhake his elbows. But faith, I have not ſtrength of conſtitution to enter into theſe amuſements with the ſpirit he does; although I am confident it is purely out of friendſhip, and the very great regard he has for me, that he

acts in this manner. On the whole, he is a very good fellow; and if he has not the reputation of being a good classic, he is a most excellent shot. Have you a bona roba with you, Moreton? How do you employ yourself? For my part, I mean to have a boat, and sail on the Danube; though, for beautiful prospects, place me on the Thames, in a light wherry and a good pair of skulls, I'll row up to Richmond in three hours, I engage." Then, without giving Moreton time to reply, he asked him if he would make a match on the Danube.

"I have only one objection."

"What is that?"

"Why merely the detestation I have to gaming. I am not so simple as to injure myself; and I love mankind too well to injure them."

"Aye, Moreton, that's all very true; but he must have a stoic apathy who can resist the temptations it holds out. Only consi-

der, one may win enough to pay one's travelling expences."

"Were it juſtifiable on any grounds, it is a bad method, aſſure yourſelf," replied Moreton. "You would ſtake what was really your own property, and already in your poſſeſſion, to gain imaginary wealth. Now I think that the beſt diſcretion is, to conform to our circumſtances, and a philoſophy the moſt exemplary, to confine our deſires to what is within the attainment of our condition."

"Will you give me leave, moſt ſage philoſopher,—I beg pardon, I did not imagine you were ſerious. For heaven's ſake don't knit your brows ſo, and I'll tell you what I propoſe doing. Will you permit me to introduce you to a beautiful young lady of my acquaintance? She is a foreigner; ſhe is all life and ſpirits, and has many amiable and faſcinating qualities; and what is worth your knowing, perhaps a ſecret I ſhould not diſcloſe to every body, is, that ſhe appears to

be kind. A little ſeduction might do. If you were but a novice in love, you might ſucceed."

"A little ſeduction! ah, Verney, in what danger you are! let me haſten to ſhow you what fatal methods you think innocent. If ſeduction is to be called a vice in this faſhionable age, Verney, it is of all vices, in my judgment, the moſt odious; in its conſequences the moſt fatal. Paint to yourſelf an amiable girl, graced with beauty, and every laudable accompliſhment, a ſource of pleaſure to her unſuſpecting and fond family, reſpected by all her connections, the idol of her father, while her mother lives in her look. Her moments paſs gladly, for they are the moments of innocent enjoyment. A ſtranger is introduced to her; fatally introduced to her family; for he inſtantly prepares to invade its ſocial and deareſt rights. He has been warmed in the boſom of this family, he views the domeſtic ſcene in all its innocent endearments, and

he now prepares, in return for the favours ſhown him, mortally to ſting them. It is not the little brother, who embraces his dear ſiſter while he liſtens to her ſimple ſtory, or the moral and amuſing tale of inſtruction; it is not her ſiſters, who, meanwhile emulating her example, are ſeated, induſtriouſly working at their needle, models of good houſewives, to gain the deſired meed, the applauſe of their parents, who point out their eldeſt child as a pattern for them to follow; it is not this ſight which would make the enemy of mankind turn aſide, that can deter him. The aged parent, who has employed his life in the purſuit of honourable virtue, with the hopes of bequeathing an ineſtimable legacy and good reputation to his family, a bleſſing which no external circumſtances can deprive them of, views this beauteous plant with attention, and watches over it with the minuteſt care. The mother dwells with tranſport on every good action of her daughter. The ſympathetic tear is ſeen to

ſwim in their eyes. They are happy in her innocence, and they promiſe themſelves, with Heaven's guidance, that ſhe will be virtuous, and enjoy the luxury of affection. But the ſpecious ſeducer is preparing his plot. He coolly thinks of daſhing her cup of pleaſure to the ground; of deſtroying her reputation and her virtue; of injuring her in the opinion of her friends; of making the time that the old man has to live inſupportable; of cruelly afflicting, and repaying with bitter ingratitude, the attentions of his hoſteſs, the parent of the ſmiling and artleſs maid whom he means to devote to deſtruction. Perhaps ſhe is betrothed to ſome young man of virtue and family, and who profeſſes great tenderneſs for his miſtreſs; yet the certainty of this does not deter our gallant and luſtful Lothario: armed at all points, dreſſed up in ſmiles and pretended affection, he inſinuates himſelf into her ſociety. Then does he quote morality, the eaſier to deceive her."

" This is very true," replied Verney; " but you miſtake the matter. The lady is amorouſly inclined. She is the daughter of an Italian marquis, who (after the French had invaded his country, and taken it under their protection when it had no enemy to dread, from the moſt genuine motives of philanthropy had violated their wives and daughters, murthered their helpleſs and aged citizens, and amended their laws according to their ideas) fled for ſafety to Vienna, where they now reſide.

" The marquis is a man of honour and principle, but the girl is as I have deſcribed her. I have not yet heard that ſhe has any favoured lover ſelected from the crowd who attend her; but it does not follow that ſhe may not be glad of an amour, could ſhe find a willing and handſome Ciciſbeo. Come, my dear fellow, you had better go with me; I ſhall be glad if you will give me your company."

"Well, ſince you are ſo preſſing, I will attend you."

Verney's carriage took them to the houſe where the marchioneſs of Zangarola reſided with her daughter. Her brother's regiment was quartered at Vienna; but he was frequently obliged to be on duty, and therefore was not often to be ſeen at his mother's. With the daughter's perſonal charms the reader is acquainted. Verney was courteouſly received by the mother, and the fair daughter of the marchioneſs welcomed him in terms of rapture. The marquis had ſaved much of his fortune from the confiſcation of his eſtates in Italy, which were ample, and tranſported much ſpecie to Vienna. On this ſalvage his family and himſelf lived. Sir Henry Moreton and his friend were preſſed to dine with them, nor could Moreton depart till he had engaged himſelf to dinner.

At the appointed hour, late in the evening, they came to dinner. Iſabel, for that

was the name of the young lady, contrived to place her chair near that of ſir Henry. She entered into converſation with him on thoſe topics which might diſplay her wit and ſenſibility, and were moſt likely to ſucceed in moving the affections of her hearer; played her artillery of charms upon him; drank wine with him, and affected to ſip the liquor which he had choſen for her drinking. Her black eyes ſpoke the fierceneſs of deſire, while ſhe carefully ſeparated her hair, of a jetty colour, which rivalled the moſt gloſſy plumage, and which, overſhadowing her high forehead, luxuriantly wantoned in waving curls. The colour of her cheeks was heightened with vermilion; her mouth was ſmall; while her boſom, which was thinly veiled, left the ſpectator to imagine charms on which the pampered libertine might feaſt. She looked and ſpoke

> As if th' embrace of Jove ſo warm,
> Would quite diſſolve her beauteous form.

Every ſyllable that Moreton uttered was liſtened to with all the fondneſs and peculiar deference that love inſpires; every ſentence that he ſpoke was applauded, every opinion adjudged to be deciſive. She flattered the ſenſes, and ſhe had the faſcinating art to do it imperceptibly.

In the evening they played at cards. The room was crowded with the faſhion of Vienna, who indulged their diſpoſition for gaming to the full extent. Iſabel was the divinity that the men ſeemed to be divided about; it was ſhe alone who could call their attention from cards. If ſhe played at whiſt, few equalled her in ſkill; and the humour which ſhe diſplayed in her remarks at caſino, was playful and elegant; at faro ſhe punted with ſuperior ſpirit; and when ſhe raffled, ſhe managed the box with intrepidity, and ſeemed to have no paſſion of avarice tormenting her; but ſmiled and joked in the freeſt, moſt appoſite, and enchanting manner. But ſhe could not diſguiſe from

thoſe who intimately knew her foibles, and were of her conſtant parties, that ſhe was acting a feigned character, deſirous of attracting admiration, or that love was the cauſe, if that paſſion may be profaned by applying the name to an illicit and unbecoming deſire.

She took an opportunity of ſpeaking to ſir Henry. "Signor Ingliſe," ſaid the Italian, "be not offended, I pray you, with the token of my love which I have to offer you. This picture is your's. Take it, my dear ſignor, and wear it for my ſake. Place it in your boſom. May it add the fervour of love to your elegant ſenſations."

"What is it you mean, ſignora? explain yourſelf."

"Ah, my moſt dear ſignor! it is too true, from the moment you was firſt made known to me, from the moment I ſaw you, I knew what love was. That love was increaſed by acquaintance. Your ſweet converſation fanned a flame as pure as ever

poſſeſſed the heart of woman. A flame—oh, how devouring!"

"Madam, my principles will not permit me to hear ſuch language."

"Then, ſignor, if you refuſe me, I will haunt you in ſome ſhape or other. I ſwear that you are a man capable of ſeducing the coldeſt and chaſteſt woman. I love you to diſtraction."

"Signora," anſwered Moreton, "ſeduction, I hope, will never be imputed to my charge. I have already plighted my fidelity to an amiable girl, whoſe virtues, to attempt deſcribing, would be indeed to impoveriſh praiſe. I love her for her worth. I have ſworn conſtancy to her. I have fought in her defence. I would have willingly laid down my life in ſuch a cauſe, and with my laſt breath have called down bleſſings and protection on her. Yes, lovely Emma, when I forget my vow may I be miſerable. But, oh! to forget it, is impoſſible! Signora, to be virtuous, is to be

happy; ſelf-denial is the duty of every one; and to have completely under our power our dangerous paſſions, we muſt, Iſabel, guard againſt the firſt impulſe. Illicit deſires, uncontrolled, will poiſon our happineſs. The contrary conduct, aſſure yourſelf, will meliorate our ſtate. The trial and glorious ſtruggle is momentary; ſhort, very ſhort, is the conflict, when we are determined to call in prudence to our aid; but the rewards it brings are perpetual. O, Iſabel! what unhappineſs, what deſtruction, may originate from one fatal moment! And can you think ——No, your good ſenſe will tell you, that a man of ſenſe and honour cannot fooliſhly incur ſelf-hatred in this licentious manner."

It was in vain ſir Henry warned her of the evil conſequences of yielding the power of reaſon to blind paſſion. In company with him ſhe would have trod the flowery paths of dalliance, without regarding the perils of the road, and the deſtiny which awaited her incaution.

Sir Henry Moreton quitted the party early, who had already miſſed Iſabella, their enchanting high prieſteſs. Again the ſcene was renewed of avaricious men muttering curſes on thoſe who oppoſed their deſire of gain, and fair women ſacrificing their honour to libertines from an inability of diſcharging their debts. The dice box was heard to rattle, and oaths were uttered in defiance of every moral conſideration.

Early the next morning a packet was put into the hands of ſir Henry, by his ſervant. It was directed "To ſir Henry Moreton."

It was a portrait of the lovely Iſabel, ſet richly in gold and brilliants. Her head was circled with a wreath of roſes, while her rolling and large eyes ſhewed that her ſoul was devoted to a voluptuous and raging paſſion. Her white and poliſhed arm, bare from the round of her elbow, held her harp. The inſtrument ſeemed to breathe dulcet muſic, as if ſtruck by her taper and pellucid fingers. Cupid, the god of love, was ho-

vering over her form, ſelecting a dart from his quiver, while the meadow appeared at a diſtance, crowned with flowers. The ſkilful painter had drawn her on breathing ivory, in an arbour ſhaded with eglantine, interwoven with full-blown roſes and roſebuds; while the richneſs of the flowers would entice the ſpectator to ſmell to their fragrance, and pluck the green myrtle. This portrait, the work of a moſt celebrated artiſt, was accompanied by a ring of precious worth. The jewels were the largeſt that ſir Henry Moreton had ever beheld; they ſeemed to be of ineſtimable purity. The following note dropped from the parcel.

"Amiable Engliſhman, wert thou leſs lovely, the precepts which eloquently flowed from thy lips might have touched my ſoul ſeriouſly; thou would'ſt find me an apt ſcholar. It is my office to teach thee other leſſons more ſuited to our tender age. Thy precepts touch my ſoul, but it is with love; let that

be the theme, and I will liſten to thee attentively. Aſpaſia was not more attentive to the accompliſhed and renowned pupil of Socrates, than I, catching the words from thy mouth, will be to thee. Still, ſtill will I believe, ſtill, ſtill will I nouriſh the fond hope that I am not unpleaſing to you. Thoſe eyes, which give a faint deſcription of the movements of my voluptuous deſire, are now ſtreaming with tears at thy well-drawn image. This ſhould not be ſo, thou beloved of my ſoul. Let them ſparkle with tranſport. Folded in my arms, perpetual fondneſs awaits thee, my love is ſincere and true. No romantic fiction or prudery deceive thee. Moſt dear ſignor, gentleſt of friends,

"I live, until death,
"thy fond
"ISABEL."

Moreton ordered his chariot.
He was driven to her houſe.
He was ſhown up a ſuperb and marble

ſtaircaſe decorated with the richeſt carpets, and adorned with rails of carved mahogany. An Engliſh family had reſided in the houſe before the Marquis poſſeſſed it.

On the landing-place a female came out of a private apartment; ſhe accoſted him, making an obeiſance with an arch leer.

"If I am not unfortunately miſtaken, your name is Paulina?"

"You are not deceived in your conjecture."

"Is your miſtreſs, ſignora Iſabella Zangarola, within?"

"She is diſengaged in her own apartment, and waiting your preſence."

Henry obſerved, as ſhe ſpoke to him, the numerous rings on her fingers, and the wanton manner in which her robes were diſpoſed; her various eſſences ſhowed that ſhe was not averſe to her trade, which was that of being confidant to her miſtreſs Iſabella.

She proceeded—"Love, ſignor, is a tender paſſion; and it is not always ſo handſome

a couple meet. The old lady, as luck would have it, is out; my miſtreſs is therefore alone, and has been repeatedly inquiring about you."

He followed the chattering Paulina up ſtairs, and entered a ſmall, but luxurious apartment. Coſtly gilding, the fineſt varniſh, rich paintings, coloured ſculpture, and baſſo-relievos decorated the wainſcoting. A grove which nature had adorned with the richeſt productions, where ſpring and autumn were at once united, ſeemed to evince that it was not the reſidence of mortals.

In theſe gardens of pleaſure were ſeen the goddeſs Calypſo and her attendant nymphs; among them was Telemachus the ſon of Ulyſſes, and the ſage Mentor. The youthful hero was addreſſing the fair immortal, and by his elocution already ſeemed to have moved a goddeſs to love. The trees hung their heads over them, and form-

ed a delightful bower, or ſeemed to wave forward by the gentle zephyr. The work was admirable.

In another place, he was preparing to bathe after the diverſions and fatigues of the chaſe; the bath was incloſed with alabaſter and porphyry; birds ſung their artleſs carols in ſmall cages inlaid with ſilver finely wrought into rails; and the trees were ſeen through the opening lattices, which were of gold, ſhaded with green foliage, and weighed down with delicious fruit. Here were to be ſeen the downy peach, the round and blue plum, the crimſon and blooming apple; while honeyſuckles and jeſſamine, and the inſinuating vine, crept round the wall. So well were theſe executed, that they invited the hand of the admiring beholder.

The Paphian goddeſs was being worſhipped at her favourite altar in the iſland of Cyprus; graceful prieſteſſes were wantonly

dancing round the altar, their well turned limbs variouſly twining in elegant and voluptuous movements to the ſound of muſic, which had been ſaid by poets to feed the paſſion of Love. Cenſers of incenſe were borne by fair boys, whoſe curling and golden locks, entwined with flowery wreaths, ſhowed they were worthy of being companions of the ſon of the goddeſs, whoſe perſon the naked ſimple Graces, bluſhing as the purple grape, while viſible through a lucid cloud of blue ether, were elegantly adorning.

A mortal was thought worthy of being drawn in company of theſe celeſtial beauties.

It was Iſabella herſelf, in the character of Amelia liſtening to the courtſhip of the brave, penitent, and unhappy Moor, the favourite hero of the ſublime German writer. Her face was beautifully deſcribed; the contour of her figure was judicious, and worthy of Donatello. By the attitude of her

body, and the expreſſive ſigns of her face, the ſoul ſeemed agitated, and paſſion increaſed by his pathetic complaints.

Around the wainſcotting was ſeen Iſabel in various paintings. Here, carried on the boſom of the inſenſibly ſwelling ocean, a lovely girl whoſe features were perſuaſive and moving, and who, from her majeſtic appearance, might be ſuppoſed that goddeſs to whom mythologiſts ſay the ſea once gave birth. A nobleman, ſumptuouſly habited, was ſeated by her ſide. The labouring gondoliers ſeemed to ply their oars to the ſound of muſical inſtruments. The ſpectator might view with ſatisfaction this excellent groupe of figures. At a diſtance appeared a bay, and a long range of chalky promontory.

In another painting, was the graceful ſignora Zangarola, drawn in the character of the famed daughter of Auguſta, liſtening to the luxurious courtiers of her father's palace, who crowded round her toilet.

But what moſt moved his wonder was, to ſee ſuch labour and exquiſite talents exhibited on an immoral ſubject.

It was night; the tempeſt was riſing, and obſcured the moon; while, in her chamber, Iſabella was habiting herſelf in the character of the infamous daughter of Meſſala, with the intention of ſtealing through the ſtreets of Rome, to proſtitute her auguſt perſon in the chamber, and occupy the tainted bed of the harlot Lyciſca.

Here was Iſabella in the ſemblance of the ſable queen of night, diſrobing herſelf of her azure mantle, and ſtooping to kiſs her beloved Endymion; while the ſhepherd lay recumbent on the verdant upland, fettered in the arms of ſleep.

Another exquiſite painting was, Hercules at the court of Eurytus, preparing the banquet at the command of the proud monarch, for his daughter Iöle, who pointed to a vacant ſeat with an imperious air; while the conſcious ſmile of Beauty ani-

mated her countenance, Love was filling the golden cup, and appeared rejoicing at the new and glorious victory.

The chimney-piece was of marble, the carving of which was done in the fineſt taſte, conſiſting of wreaths of roſes, luxurious groves, and Cupids in ambuſh, or ſharpening their darts.

The furniture was magnificent; the couches were of white ſatin and gold; rich and coſtly carpets covered the floor; the doors were mahogany, inlaid with white ivory and gold, the lock of which was of the ſame metal; the window-curtains were of the fineſt ſilk.

On a ſofa lay Iſabel, with a book in her hand; it was Heloiſe, written by the great philoſopher Jean Jaques Rouſſeau: ſhe laid it aſide at his entrance. Dreſſed with the niceſt care by her taſty and attentive Abigail, having her hair entwined with a wreath of natural flowers, her robes were tranſparent, the tell-tale drapery only ſha-

dowing her delicate and white limbs. The ſymmetry of her form was a copy for the chiſſel of the ſtatuary; while her beautiful face, in compariſon, would have made faint the colours of a Titian. Her garments lay in amorous folds; and ſhe bade her gueſt, with a ſweet and bluſhing ſmile on her countenance, be ſeated. His eyes were now attracted by a picture over the ſofa, painted in warm and glowing colours; the ſubject was, the goddeſs of Love wooing the cold Adonis to her embraces: they were reclining on a bank, while Venus prevented him from riſing; his quiver lay by him, his horſe was bound to a ſhadowy elm, and he ſeemed to view the wanton goddeſs with eyes of diſtruſt. "Henry!" ſhe ſighed from a mouth pouting, which could be likened only to the roſebud, the lips of which were thin and of a lively red; "you are come, my Henry, at length. Ah! cruel boy, I have been expecting you ſome time. I believe, nay I am ſure, it is an age. How much is

Emma Tankerville to be envied! Are you fond of the harp, Henry?" She ſmiled; her face aſſumed a deeper crimſon; and reaching the inſtrument, while ſhe inclined her graceful form, and ſwept the trembling chords, Moreton confeſſed that the painter had failed in delineating his object. She ſung the following ſtanzas to the muſic that ſhe played:

"In my fond arms ſooth all thy cares;
Light is that weight affection bears,
Leſs felt is ſympathetic woe.
Let him I love my tranſports ſhare;
Theſe, theſe are joys, if joys they are,
When fondeſt hearts in union glow.

Give me one kiſs; huſh'd be that ſigh;
Love lights his flaming torch on high;
Give to the winds thy uſeleſs care.
Thee, neſtled cloſe, I'll ſhield from grief,
Upon my boſom lull to ſleep;
Then wake, my love, new joys to ſhare."

Her pulſe beat quick, her crimſon cheek glowed, her breaſt roſe gently, ſwelling

through the muſlin veſt, and, goaded with paſſion, ſhe imprinted kiſſes on Henry's lips. The ſweet ſeductreſs ſmiled, and would have tempted familiarity.

It was not long before Moreton perceived that a ſtimulative drug had been put in the cup from which he had drank freely of rheniſh. He would have fallen into the ſnare of the enchantreſs, but the thoughts of his Emma recalled his wandering ſenſes. The mind retained its native purity; and he had the reſolution to tear himſelf from her, after leaving her portrait and preſents on the table.

Immediately on his return home, he ſent her the following note:

" Iſabella,

" I have returned your gifts; and with them take this admonition from one who deplores the ſtate of mind that you poſſeſs. I charge you, ſignora, diveſt yourſelf entirely of your wicked paſſion. Univerſal eſteem,

and, what is more precious, the eſteem of yourſelf, is in your power. Boldneſs will betray your ſhame; and the woman who loſes chaſtity, loſes the ſtamp of heaven, and degrades herſelf without meeting even compaſſion. Iſabel, be firm, and you may be happy; for your happineſs conſiſts in thoſe rewards which prudence enſures to its votaries.

"Your friend,

"MORETON."

In two days after this meeting, he received a written billet.

"If ſir Henry Moreton will call on ſignora Iſabella Zangarola, he will comply with the deſire of her friend; as ſhe is dying, and wiſhes to ſee him."

Surpriſed, and feeling a new ſenſation of horror, he went to her immediately.

He was ſhown up to her apartment.

She was in bed. "I ſent for you, Henry, and I owe you my thanks for this viſit. My lips are parched, and I am in a fever; feel how hot my hand is." Moreton took her hand. She was in a high fever; but it proceeded from the paſſion which conſumed her.

"Will you drink ſome wine, Henry?"

He refuſed.

"Will you not taſte the joys of love? at leaſt look upon me; paſs not my beauties with neglect. I have been told, dear ſignor, that I have charms more pleaſing than thoſe of any young woman in the circles of faſhion which are at Vienna."

She roſe in her bed. Her face was half concealed in a cloſe cap, and her hair was ſeen confined under her white neck; while her eyes glanced with freſh deſire on the faithful and firm Moreton.

What muſt thy charms have been, Emma, that could cauſe a young man to reſiſt the artifices of ſuch an inſinuating female!

Yes, Moreton, thou wert a pattern to all lovers; for thou hadſt the courage to keep thy vow, which thou hadſt given to thy virtuous Emma.

" Then you will not take compaſſion on me. Will you drink any wine?" ſaid ſhe, offering to mix ſome.

" No, Iſabel, I dare not. I have told you my reſolution, and I hope that I have conſtancy enough to keep it."

Moved with a ſudden frenzy of ſoul, ſhe drank the wine; immediately exclaiming, " I am now content; you will ſoon loſe ſight for ever of one who is odious."

" For God's ſake, Iſabel, what do you mean?"

" Cruel man! theſe tears witneſs how much I loved you! But did you ſuppoſe that I would ſurvive my infamy, to be pitied by my hated rival, to have that accurſed Engliſh woman triumphing over my weakneſs?"

" If you knew my Emma's diſpoſition, ſignora ——"

" Baſe moraliſt, ſhe is my averſion! but you, to whom I have declared ſuch paſſion —oh, what a pang was that! Surely it is but a ſad foretaſte of a dreadful judgment; or elſe, why does my trembling ſoul thus ſhrink with horror? Ah, again—my death is at hand; and I believe that I might have been happy, had I lived to obey thoſe precepts——What angel was that, who would have given me conſolations? Away, I cannot liſten to them; they are uſeleſs; it is too late. I have drank poiſon. God of mercies, look with pity on thy creature! O Henry, if you feel any ſympathy for one who, braving God's vengeance, and following the blind impulſe of diſappointed paſſion, has dared to ruſh into awful eternity; if, beloved Henry, you can——" ſhe groaned deeply; her teeth were clenched, while her eyes rolled vehemently, and her whole frame ſeemed ſhaken. Then claſping her hands with earneſtneſs, and endeavouring to ad-

dreſs Moreton once again, ſhe uttered a piercing ſhriek, and expired.

Death had ſcarcely preyed upon her beauties, ere her face became overſpread with a livid blackneſs, and it was evident that Iſabella had drank poiſon.

Lamenting her fate, Moreton haſtened home, uncertain which way he went, the image of Iſabel ſwimming ſtill before his eyes, when he was arreſted by the officers of police, accompanied by Frederico Zangarola, the brother of Iſabella, on a charge of having poiſoned a young lady of diſtinction.

Staggered at a charge ſo heinous in its nature, he deſired to be conducted to the houſe of ſignora Iſabella Zangarola. The brother of the deceaſed complied with his requeſt. Having entered the houſe, he requeſted that her papers might be ſearched.

Among thoſe deſigned for inſpection was a looſe paper; on the back of which was

written, " To be opened after ſignora Zangarola ſhall have ceaſed to exiſt.

" To thoſe who will read this paper.

" Let them guard againſt the firſt impulſe of paſſion—learn caution from the fate of the devoted Iſabel.

" Deſcended from a noble family, the heireſs of a very ancient and (notwithſtanding the diminution of fortune it had ſuſtained from confiſcation) an opulent family, the daughter of a brave officer, whoſe hairs have been blanched in the ſervice of his country, and who has added luſtre to his hereditary honours,—ſignora Iſabella Zangarola, alas! his unworthy daughter, might have obtained a moſt honourable marriage, might have been happy in the affections of him who was the choice of her aged parent; but ſeductive writings have embittered her happineſs!

" Wretched Iſabella! Thy imagination has been early ſeduced; thou haſt wantonly

dared to combat thoſe opinions which prudence, moderation, and experience ſuggeſted; and deſerted, for bitter pleaſures, and blandiſhments eventually productive of pain, the direct path of honour and felicitous virtue.

"Let not any one cenſure ſir Henry Moreton. Iſabella, who will love him to the laſt moment of her fleeting exiſtence, until ſenſation ſhall be annihilated, acquits him of every act which can be called diſhoneſt. Oh! would that the writer of theſe thoughts could have acted, when living, upon equal firmneſs of principle with that temperate Engliſhman! or, would that he had been diſengaged, and ſhe could have claſped him to her fond heart, and called him her own.

"To her brother, Frederico Zangarola, the comfort of her family, the hope of this ancient houſe, ſignora Iſabella Zangarola bequeaths her fortune.

"Hard-hearted Moreton! May my death, not premature, ſince I am avoided by you, be never imputed to your charge.

"I in my laſt moments ſhall think of you; but oh! if you knew the paſſions which agitate my mind. The ſtorm, compared to that ſtate, is tranquil. Some reſolution muſt be adopted, and that ſpeedily.

"My father! my beloved mother!"

When Frederico Zangarola had read this, it was evident, by the date prefixed to the paper, that ſhe had written theſe, her laſt ſentiments, on the day ſhe had done that fatal act which precipitated her to the grave. He gave his hand to ſir Henry Moreton, and ſignified his wiſh that the police might be diſmiſſed.

CHAPTER XVI.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF SIR HENRY MORETON IN GERMANY.—TRUE COURAGE IS THE EFFORT OF A VIRTUOUS MIND, AND IS MORE AMIABLE WHEN UNTAINTED BY FEROCITY.—DARK AND INTRICATE DEEDS.

At a coffee-houſe, one evening, in Vienna, as ſir Henry Moreton was drinking his wine, a ſingular character, who ſat in the corner of the room, attracted his attention. His phyſiognomy was ſtriking, the lines of his face being ſtrongly marked. He was of a pale countenance; while his eyes, which were arched with dark buſhy eyebrows, ſeemed to have a peculiar wildneſs. He was more than ſix feet high, and had the appearance of having formerly been of the military profeſſion. He converſed on the

ſubject of ghoſts and necromancers; his auditors, among whom was the honourable Lionel Verney, liſtened with great ſilence; and as he adduced ſurpriſing facts and inſtances of the power of ſpirits, they narrowed their circle, and drew nearer each other.

An Engliſh naval officer interrupted him. "May I ſee the Britiſh colours ſtrike to the republicans,—may I be d—d if I think there is ſuch a being as a ghoſt! Go, and tell your grandam tales of hobgoblins elſewhere: give me the command of a privateer and a handful of men for a cruiſe, and I will take a voyage up the Red ſea; and if the queen of the witches were to riſe, I would ſend her and her cauldron, with all her brooms, train, and magic, to the infernal regions; aye, much quicker than ever ſhe came. D—me if I think ſhe would ſtand my ſmall arms; and let her come yardarm to yardarm, I have as pretty a Spaniſh blade as ever came from Toledo. She would come but badly

off, I believe; I ſhould mind very little the black faggot's principal, old Beelzebub, if I had but my truſty cutlaſs in my right hand."

Lionel ſeconded the ſpokeſman; but the remaining company were petrified with aſtoniſhment at the audacity of the Engliſh commander.

Having toſſed off a goblet of ſtrong brandy and water, he filled a glaſs for his friend, the only one he had in the circle, when Moreton joined the party, and was immediately welcomed by Lionel. The ſailor invited him to follow his example.

"I'll be curſed if I would not walk all hours in a churchyard, if there was a chance of meeting a ghoſt, merely to give him his quietus. May the man who believes in necromancy never taſte ſuch grog as this! We are all embarked together, ſwim through ſtorms and hurricanes, and go to Davy's locker. It is a joint concern, and the three kingdoms united will ſtand the whole world,

aye, and give every ſon of them a ſound drubbing: they have done ſo before to-day, and beaten them moſt glorioufly. Why did they not take our iſland when our fleets were ſeparated and ſpread over the ſpacious ocean, in that bad buſineſs, that pretty kettle of fiſh, the American war? They knew that the jewel of our iſland, as Shakſpeare, I think they call him, ſays, 'ſet in the ſilver ſea, was impregnable.' When Eugene was alive, he fought for us, but he's dead and gone," extending his rattan, and giving a boatſwain's whiſtle; "gone where all good and honeſt men go, aloft. I hate a French lubber as much as a witch, or a necromancer with a white beard, and always ſhall while above board."

Moreton, with the impetuoſity of youth, declared he believed ghoſts exiſted ſolely in the imagination; that they were the mere coinage of an overheated fancy; that the people who profeſſed faith in them were either too credulous to deſerve notice, or

knaves and impoſtors, who worked upon the weakneſs of other people, that they might carry on treaſonable or wicked plots.

" I'll be d——d if you are not ſomewhere in ſoundings, brother Engliſhman; you are not one of the leaden-pated fellows, freſh-water ſailors on which the *Luminés* might run their rigs. You are not fiſh for their net either. No, no, that tack won't ſuit."

" The Illuminati," replied Moreton, " are men who deſerve extirpation from Europe. They are deſigning, dangerous, ſeditious people. Their followers, known to profeſs ſuch principles, ought to be baniſhed from every ſtate, the polity of which, in my humble, but well-grounded opinion, they much endanger."

" Send them to their proper manſions; let them there ſwing in a hammock;" ſaid the Engliſh ſailor, directing his cane in a perpendicular poſition downwards. " Old Beelzebub ſhould be their maſter."

The old perſon who had attracted Moreton's attention looked at him ſeriouſly, then entered into an elaborate defence of the tenets which the Illuminati profeſſed to hold.

When the company were withdrawing, Moreton was ſeized by the ſleeve; he turned round, and perceived it to be the ſtranger; who thus addreſſed him.

"You ſeem incredulous to what is true, and too ſerious for a jeſt. Are you a brave man?"

"What need of that queſtion? Do you doubt it?"

"Well, well. You are an Engliſhman, and I judged you were brave. Will you conſent to accompany me in a poſtchaiſe at four o'clock to-morrow, on an excurſion ſome miles from Vienna. Will you go unattended; and I will ſatisfy your doubts with reſpect to the power of necromancy, the cabala, and the occult ſcience."

"I promiſe you that I ſhall be ready to

go. Fear not you," returned Henry, "that I ſhall be deterred by cowardice. To remove the veil from myſtery, to ſhew truth in her undiminiſhed light and artleſs form, will be an office that I ſhall moſt gladly undertake."

They now parted for that evening. Sir Henry Moreton returned to his hotel, anxious for an opportunity of receiving ſatisfaction reſpecting a ſubject on which he had often argued.

The following day was remarkably fine. At the appointed time a chaiſe was at the door of his hotel.

The German was in the carriage alone. Moreton joined him, and the poſtilions were ordered to drive quick. Their road lay towards Preſburg.

On entering the foreſt, as the ſun was gradually ſinking into the weſtern horizon, he looked from the window of the carriage, and at a diſtance were ſeen the loſty ſpires of the churches and houſes at Vienna; and,

as opportunity occurred, ſir Henry Moreton contemplated the features of his fellow-traveller.

His countenance was expreſſive: he appeared to be a man of intenſe thought. Ferocity was viſible in his looks; and his pale and bloodleſs cheeks ſhewed that fear was unknown to his ſoul.

"This ſpot is very romantic," ſaid the ſtranger. "Vienna has a country about it ſuited for the contemplative. Our minds are formed for meditation. It is in ſolitude man broods on paſt happineſs; happineſs that poſſibly may never return. To be cut off in the bloom of life, when ambition, love, pleaſure, promiſe us increaſe of joy; to cloſe our eyes when on the eve of poſſeſſing theſe objects of men's curious and diligent ſearch, is the lot of many; it may be yours, young man, at a period that is not far diſtant."

Henry, for the firſt time, recollected how imprudent he had been to truſt himſelf with

a ſtranger of ſo ſuſpicious an appearance, alone.

The German entered into topics of philoſophy in glowing language; and painted the pleaſures of life, in contraſt with the miſeries that ſurround us.

They now paſſed a village, where Henry obſerved the German was treated with particular marks of ſubmiſſion and reſpect. The houſes were ſtraggling, and Moreton obſerved the features of theſe men to betray marks of cruelty and profligacy. What calmed the mind of this virtuous and brave youth was, the conſciouſneſs that he had ever poſſeſſed the Chriſtian principles; that, under the influence of faith in the Everlaſting Being, under the hopes of future rewards, he had endeavoured to live in the practice of virtue. What then ſhould he fear, conceiving death to be the end of trial?

The ſtranger looked more cheerful, his eyes were more calm; and though the co-

lour of his face did not change, ſatisfaction was clearly to be diſtinguiſhed in his countenance. "Our journey will not laſt many miles further, and *you will ſoon terminate your career.*"

The ſilver moon, emerging from a fleecy cloud, in which it had been obſcured, filled the mind of Moreton with awe and veneration for that Deity who ſuperintends the works of his creation, and on whoſe attributes he now muſed in deep ſilence.

A figure paſſed by them on horſeback, dreſſed extravagantly, with a cloak over his coat, large huſſar boots, and a ſabre in his hand. As he paſſed the chaiſe, he looked in at one of the windows, waved his hand to the German, and lifted up the maſk with which his face was disfigured. "It is well," ſaid the German, "you have uſed diſpatch; but there was ſcarcely neceſſity for this diſguiſe."

They continued the converſation in a

country dialect, with which Moreton was unacquainted.

All ſeemed to be myſterious; and he graſped his poignard to defend himſelf if there ſhould be a neceſſity.

The chaiſe ſtopped at the gates of a decayed caſtle. One of the poſtilions diſmounted, and rang loudly at the bell. The door was at length opened, and the chaiſe drove into a ſpacious court.

Moreton was requeſted to alight. "You are welcome, ſir Henry Moreton, to the place of your deſtiny," ſaid the German.

The travellers entered a lofty and large apartment. Candles were placed on the table.

"What think you, my friend, of cards, to paſs away the time neceſſary for the preparation of that fight which is to convince your wavering mind?"

They ſat down to picquet, and played a few games, Moreton reſiſting the importunity of his adverſary, who wiſhed to double

the ſtakes, but incautiouſly produced money ſufficient to tempt the German.

Three beautiful damſels entered the room, whoſe ſtyle of dreſs was faſcinating and voluptuous. They ſat down, and one of them ſung a ſublime air, while the other accompanied the pleaſing and melodious ſtrains on the harp; but their manners were licentious.

At firſt Moreton, who had been preſſed to drink wine, that he might loſe the diſcretion he was maſter of when ſober, felt inflamed with paſſion, and was not inſenſible to their charms; but when he recollected her image who had before recalled and ſaved him from the dangers of ſeduction, he ſtopped his ears to the ſyren's voice. He obſerved the roſes which were worn as chaplets ornamenting the hair of the fair wantons, to change colour, and turn white, their complexions appeared yellow, and the vermilion of their thin lips and ſoft and full cheeks, turn to a deep olive colour.

"Would you now wiſh to be convinced of the truth of that power which ſome of the wiſeſt men have confeſſed, which has appalled in its effects thoſe who have enjoyed the reputation of being brave, who have fought nobly in the field of battle, and ſtood unmoved, oppoſing ſuperior forces in the field?"

"Willingly," replied Moreton. His heart was affected as he viewed the evening ſtar. "This moment, perhaps," added he, "my Emma Tankerville is viewing even this admirable work of the creation with thoughts of praiſe and wonder. Oh, may good angels watch round her bed! May no incautious raſhneſs lead her into danger! May ſhe never be deſerted, but live happy even when I ſhall be no more. May her actions ſhine forth among dark deeds, even as thou, Heſperus, among the clouds, ſpeakeſt the purpoſe for which He, whoſe majeſty appears dark with exceſſive brightneſs, created thee. As the ſtars light up the heavens, and are of

infinite utility to human kind, ſo may thy actions be a ſplendid and beneficent train of virtuous deeds; and when thy evening ſhall at length arrive, mayſt thou receive the praiſe of thoſe who have been relieved by pitying benevolence. Sure it is ſome ſatisfaction to my ſoul to think that ſhe views the ſame heavenly objects that I do."

"This is not our ſeaſon to meditate, but proper for action," interrupted his myſterious fellow-traveller.

With a wand he drew a circle; then pronouncing ſome myſterious words, and ſtirring the fire, he cauſed it to give a ſulphureous odour, and flames of a blue caſt. Stepping from the circle, and having croſſed himſelf, he cloſed the ſhutters of the window.

"Are your piſtols loaded?"

"Yes."

"Do you feel prepared?"

"Gratify my curioſity, and you will oblige me."

" Who would you wiſh to ſee riſe from the manſions of the dead, and quit the ſilent and ſtill ſepulchre?"

" A diſtinguiſhed French officer among the Royaliſts, who was killed at La Vendee in the laſt war, in a well-fought engagement with a ſuperior army of Republicans. He died in the field of battle deploring the falſe and impious principles of his miſguided countrymen. I knew him well, and received the intelligence from a countryman of his, an unfortunate emigrant, who ſaw him lying, dreadfully wounded, on the very ſpot where they had been fighting."

" You ſhall ſee him; and now prepare to have your expectation gratified."

An officer, wounded in three places, appeared; it was the pallid and marrowleſs ſubſtance of Laurency. His face had the aſhy appearance of a ſkeleton; the teeth were rotting in the mouth; the clothes which he wore were ſtained with blood; it was the uniform in which the unfortu-

nate Laurency was buried, and belonged to the Royaliſts. The figure of the deceaſed waved his hand, and pointed to the ground.

A clock in the room at this moment ſtruck twelve.

Sir Henry Moreton was loſt in aſtoniſhment, and his faculties were benummed; but, on the return of reaſon, he fired one of his piſtols at the figure; when the ſlugs appeared to hit it without effect. The aim was too well taken to miſs.

The pallid Laurency caſt a look of pity on our Engliſhman.

"I ſtill think that this is ſome impoſture."

"Are you fond of ſpectacles?" ſaid the German, ſmiling, to Moreton.

"I feel no diſinclination to be preſent at one."

They adjourned to another room, which was well lighted up, and prepared for the occaſion.

When the curtain drew up, a theatrical ſcene was exhibited. Various characters in

maſquerade appeared, beſides men and women habited in dominos. Among them he could diſtinguiſh the repreſentatives of Emma and his own figure. The combat which took place between him and ſir Richard Oliver; in the next ſcene, the duel in Hyde Park was exhibited, and the courage of ſir Henry Moreton was celebrated by a full chorus of Engliſh maidens and young men, who now prepared to follow the prieſt to the altar, who was about to join the hands of Emma Tankerville and himſelf.

When the curtain was a ſecond time drawn up, a ſhip appeared, from which our traveller was landed. At Vienna, the coffee-houſe in which he debated on the impoſition of the pretended ſeers, the folly of ſtudying the cabaliſtic arts, and the wickedneſs of the Illuminati, was depicted.

The plot thickened. When their journey through the foreſt was deſcribed, the romantic figure ſo myſteriouſly habited appeared again; but, in the place of villagers,

Moreton perceived a banditti on the ſtage. Determined not to part with life at a cheap rate, he now perceived in whoſe hands he was. One of the villains who attempted to ſeize him met with his fate from his truſty poignard. And now a noiſe and vociferous clamour was heard, ſhrieks mingled with ſounds of exultation and triumph; when Lionel, followed by the naval officer and the brother of Iſabel, with ſome of the crew from the frigate, and a ſtrong detachment of Auſtrian huſſars, entered the room.

"Huzza, my brave boy," ſaid the Engliſhman, "I ſuſpected how it would be; I am glad I came in the nick of time; I have ſteered well, and having fathomed the ſoundings, found the bottom ſhelvy; but this has not prevented us from pouring in a broadſide upon the enemy; though, as for the matter of that, I dare ſay, thou knoweſt it already by the d—d hubbub there has been. You have not long to live, old necroman-

cer. So breathe out one prayer, if you can, for the benefit of your ſoul."

He ſhot the miſcreant through the body, and exclaimed—" May all *Luminés* meet the ſame treatment! It is what ſuch cruel treacherous raſcals deſerve. The law of nations is againſt them, or ought to be; for though one ought not to ſpeak the truth of the dead, they are d—d raſcals."

In the pocket of the deceaſed was a letter from ſir Richard Oliver, intimating that this man was an hired aſſaſſin.

Moreton was grateful to Heaven for its protection, and thanked his friends for their aid. The party then left the caſtle in poſſeſſion of the ſoldiers. As they journeyed through the foreſt, the brother of Iſabel explained the myſtery of the village.

The haunt of people of the moſt abandoned ſort, it afforded an aſylum to them, under the direction and government of a faction, who correſponded with the diſaffected of

every country, and were conſpiring at that moment, in which they were providentially detected, the ruin of the houſe of Auſtria.

Theſe people were cruel, profligate, and atrocious; their daring and infamous crimes had led them to an eminence among their fellows; they vowed eternal enmity to eſtabliſhed governments, and to the friends of religion and eſtabliſhed and natural order. They were ſupported by the French, and lived in ridicule and diſdain of all marriage and family ties. The ſlaves of ſenſe, appetite was what they readily obeyed; a want of humanity was their diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic.

When ſir Henry and his friends reached Vienna, the Engliſh commander would force them to his lodgings; and, in the courſe of the evening, was ſo elevated at his late exploit, or as he properly called it, *coup-de-main*, that, with a view of paying deſerved honour to it, he made them as drunk, he ſaid, "as he ever loved to ſee

his meſſmates." "Damn all palaver," added this ſon of the waves, "it don't matter a rope's end, or argufy a rummer of grog, if a man has a good tough oaken heart, what his outſide is. There's that Lionel, a pretty youth, and though he looks all the world like a milk-ſop, or one who never croſſed the line, is as brave a fellow as the Iſle ever produced. Come, give us your fiſt—a hearty good ſhake, young man. Here's not a dry ſoul on board; we all of us love good cheer; 'drink, ſir, 'Succeſs to Old England,' and fill again, ſignors. There's nothing like travelling; if it had not been for that, I ſhould not have ſeen the coaſt of Holland, Aboukir, Copenhagen caſtle, or paſſed the gut of Gibraltar. Travelling clears our minds from all prejudice; and an Engliſh ſailor is like his own ſhip—tight, and made of oak, plenty of hold in him, and, thank God, *open* to all nations but our enemies; and when we have beat them into a little ſound

reaſon, why then we *parley vous* as well as the beſt of them; aye, and are on as good terms with Mounſeer, as we are with Italian, German, Spaniard, or Dutchman. Who would ever have ſuppoſed we ſhould have ſeen a Dutchman frenchified? Why, it's like one of their own cheeſes fried in oil. D—n all ſuch ſqueezes and compliments, ſay I; let's have all fair on deck; give us plenty of ſea-room, and curſe French palaver. There's no truſting them till after a few warm engagements; we then come to a bit of an underſtanding. Let's keep a good look out, and the Albion will not be eaſily taken, or boarded."

Soon after this circumſtance, Moreton quitted Vienna, in order to make a tour through Germany, to the regret of his acquaintance, with whom he had contracted a cordial intimacy. Not many days had elapſed ſince his departure, when Emma Tankerville and her aunt, Mrs. Maitland, arrived at that city.

Mrs. Maitland, who could truly ſay with the poet, as ſhe, with him, felt the moſt pleaſing ſympathy,

" England, with all thy faults, I love thee ſtill,"

did not fail to draw a favourable contraſt between the Engliſh and Germans. The laws, manners, induſtry, ſociety, and polity, of her own countrymen were preferred.

CHAPTER XVII.

I'll have a party at the Bedford Head.
The devil's in you if you cannot dine.
Then cheerful healths (your miſtreſs ſhall have place);
And, what's more rare, a Poet ſhall ſay grace.
POPE's Imitations of Horace.

A DINNER PARTY.—A COLLECTOR OF SHELLS, AND ADMIRER OF PETRIFACTIONS AND BUTTERFLIES.—A PROFITABLE PATIENT TO PHYSICIANS.—A MONEY-LENDER, WHO BATTENS ON THE FRUITS OF HIS INIQUITY.—A HOAX FROM THE HONOURABLE MR. PELLET.

So far from attending to his couſin's ſerious advice, Pellet, who was fond of that amuſement, which all characters are who are deſirous of diſtinguiſhing themſelves from the general ſtock of mankind, propoſed to himſelf no mean ſatisfaction in giving a dinner party, where none but eccentric and whimſical characters, and two or three of

his particular friends, ſhould be aſſembled. Tickets of invitation, therefore, were iſſued by him to each of the gentlemen that he intended ſhould be preſent, to dine with him at the ——— coffee-houſe.

An author, as he is the moſt laborious, ſhould be the moſt attentive and diligent of ſervants; in few words, he ſhould have the name of being a *clever honeſt fellow*; a name, which, I am afraid, is denied to many.

It is the buſineſs of an author to act the part of a maſter of the ceremonies, or rather of ſervant in waiting, and introduce the various characters, *videlicet:* his grace the duke of Wandſworth; lord Pantaloon; Mr. Bribery, member of Parliament; the reverend doctor Canon, and his wife, Mrs. Canon, daughter of the reverend doctor Orthodox; Mrs. Sago, the great grocer's wife in Cheapſide; ſir John Baſhaw, the opulent and titled city knight; Mr. Pledge, the rich alderman and bank director; and Maſter

Whirligig, brother to the honourable Mr. Prodigal; the honourable Mr. Trifle, a man of the moſt daſhing character at the weſt end of the town, well known at Brighton, Ramſgate, Margate, Scarborough, Bognor, Tunbridge, &c. in the ſummer.

The company anſwered the invitation by their perſonal attendance. Dr. Anapeſt, with whom the reader is already acquainted, introduced a gentleman turned of forty years of age, originally a merchant, but now metamorphoſed into a country ſquire, who, to the great diſguſt of his wife, kept horſes, pointers, greyhounds, ſpaniels, and terriers, and when he could ſpare time from the cow-houſe, kennel, field, and ſtable, paſſed many hours in learning the elements of the Latin language.

There was alſo a military citizen, who had enrolled himſelf in the Clapham Volunteers, the band of which was more numerous than the regiment; but, having offered their ſervices to government, they were about to receive the thanks of their country. His

converſation was that of a ſoldier; and, following the maxim of his father, "always to have a view to buſineſs," for the inſpection of the company that he frequented, he carried his book of patterns with him.

An officer of a new corps, a faſhionable acquaintance of the honourable Mr. Pellet, *whoſe groom always attended him on horſeback*, a proviſional attendant, having his ſumpter mare loaded with peaches, apricots, moulds of ice, patches of ſticking plaſter, military gloves, lavender water, and eſſence of bergamot; and in winter, if the weather was inclined to be unfavourable, umbrellas, tongues, ham, portable ſoups, and ſir Hans Sloane's chocolate.

Signor Marmotte, an exotic, a native of Italy, the counterpart of doctor Anapeſt, a pedantic naturaliſt; one of a ſpecies, of which there are many in this country admitted to the tables of the rich and faſhionable. The language of our Italian was ſi ſignor. He could tell you of nature's ec-

centricities, was converſant in curious butterflies, ſhells, and worms; but, of real worth, his mind was totally barren.

Another gentleman preſent was, Mr. Querulous, deſcended from a family very numerous in this iſland, and not in the leaſt diminiſhed in modern times. In the choice of a wife, the father of Mr. Ralph Querulous had been very ſelect. Owing to the efficacy of preparations of ſteel and dragon's blood, a deſirable object was brought about; and Mrs. Querulous was delivered of a ſon and heir, to the joy, even of her huſband, and the ſatisfaction of the villagers, who were handſomely regaled on this important occaſion.

His mother, following the example of the brute creation, herſelf ſuckled the child, and was ordered by her huſband, during the time ſhe gave the breaſt, ſtrictly, to confine herſelf to roaſt beef. He took a houſe for her in the country, ſold his ſtud, and diſpoſed of his hounds, both of which were

unmatched in the country in which he reſided, that he might pay greater attention to the nurſe: though theſe meaſures were executed contrary to the advice of his neighbour, ſir John Quickſet, who at that time was buſily employed in nurſing and training two fine pointer puppies, and bringing forward a ſpaniel againſt the ſhooting ſeaſon, his ſons being at ſchool ſixty miles diſtant from home, where they were regularly diſciplined through the *as in præſenti*, that they might underſtand Cicero, and be able to read Mr. Pitt's ſpeeches in *The True Briton*. No ſavage was freer from rollers and bandages than maſter Ralph Querulous; ſtays, the prudent mother conſidered as the bane of children; and his clothes, which were delicately ſoft and ſimple, were faſtened with ſtrings. In ſpite of all caution, having been born in the month of November, in the midſt of a thick fog, which ſettled upon the atmoſphere, at that very early period the infant ſhowed ſymptoms of a particularly fret-

ful and peeviſh diſpoſition, quarrelled with his nurſe, deſtroyed his playthings becauſe they were not good enough, and then cried for others; he could never be perſuaded to go to bed, and the ſight of cold water threw him into hyſtericks. In vain was a cruſt of bread, the beſt gum-ſtick in the opinion of Mr. Querulous, put into his mouth to rub his gums; the thin ſixpence was thrown aſide in a fit of peeviſhneſs. Nor could he be prevailed on to drink milk rarefied with water, and ſweetened with a little raw ſugar. His diet conſiſted of meat of the weakeſt kind, his beverage was ſmall beer; no fruit was allowed the child before it was well-ripened by the productive heat of the ſun; honey was conſtituted the chief article of breakfaſt to the heir of the eſtates and fortune of Mr. Zachary Querulous; and he never ſlept in a cradle, as other children do, "for," ſaid Mr. Querulous, "a learned phyſician of our age diſlikes the cradle, and ſets his face againſt it decidedly."

One very common error of parents, by which they hurt the conſtitution of their children, is, a predilection for ſending them too young to ſchool. Maſter Ralph, rather than his health ſhould be endangered, was kept from the baneful ſeminary.

As maſter Querulous ſlowly advanced unto manhood, he was ever ailing; his only monitor was ſome phyſician, and his boſom friend an apothecary; his ſtomach might be compared to a chemiſt's or apothecary's ſhop, in which were depoſited peruvian bark in large quantities, pills, ſyrups, confections, balſams, doſes of rhubarb, powders, wheys, juleps, mixtures, vinegars, decoctions, electuaries, wines, conſerves, draughts. His diſcourſe abounded in maxims borrowed from medical people, books, and almanacs.

His houſe was ventilated in every chamber, his bed was regularly turned down every morning at the time of his riſing, and with peculiar and ſcrupulous exactneſs

expoſed to the air, whoſe ſalutary breezes might tend to expel the noxious vapours and promote his health.

No fire was permitted in his room, leſt eventually he might be ſtifled; and in ſummer-time, the floor was ſprinkled with vinegar, juice of lemon, or ſome other ſtrong vegetable acid. Many times had he been bled and purged without ſufficient reaſon.

In July, afraid of being ſeized with a fever, he perſuaded an empiric to drain him off twelve or fourteen ounces of blood. He had been bliſtered for a miliary fever, which he had increaſed by ſuffering irritation from the ungoverned paſſions of his mind, and he began to dread a conſumption.

One evening in particular, being ſeized with a fit of yawning and ſtretching, after eating a heartier dinner than he uſually did, a phyſician was ſent for, who lived at ſome diſtance; nor was he diſmiſſed without receiving a handſome fee, while his patient loſt almoſt the laſt drop of his blood.

Mr. Poſitive was a democrat. No one declaimed more loudly in praiſe of the liberty of the ſubject; no one was a greater tyrant to his family. As Jupiter is related by Homer to have kept in awe the gods on mount Ida with a nod, our politician awed them with a frown. If his ſervant omitted the ſlighteſt mark of deference, was forgetful in any exterior mark of reſpect, this ſelf-created philoſopher ſhewed the moſt intemperate anger: but, when he declaimed on the rights of mankind, his hearers would have ſuppoſed him the greateſt friend to liberty and equality that any country produced. Civil to thoſe to whom intereſt united him, in the coffee-room he was the firſt to declare his exalted idea of freedom, by a moſt abrupt and marked rudeneſs of manners.

The company had waited dinner ſome time for the arrival of Mr. Snug; at length, tired and impatient at his want of regularity, they had taken their ſeats, when that gentle-

man made his appearance. Mr. Snug had formerly been an opulent tradeſman, and increaſed his income, already great, by lending young and inexperienced men, upon undeniable ſecurities, neceſſary ſums of money, for which he was content to receive from fifteen to thirty *per cent.* intereſt.

He could ſcarcely write intelligibly his own name, ſet all rules of grammar at defiance, breaking Priſcian's and even Lowth's head moſt cruelly. He conceived, in his wiſdom, that the uſe of muſty proverbs and wiſe ſaws diſplayed a degree of knowledge ſuperior to the generality of the world. His manners were blunt, his actions unpoliſhed; and though frequently his phraſeology was, "Sir, and madam; if you pleaſe; I am highly obliged to you; will you pleaſe to have any of this, or would you poſſibly chooſe that; in what ſhall I ſerve you, ſir, or madam;"—it was evident that this language

aroſe from cuſtom, and was the language of his ſhop.

"Gentlemen," ſaid this man, who was about five feet one inch in height, and pot-bellied, dreſſed in a complete ſuit of the ſame cloth, "gentlemen, I *begs* pardon. It is *werry*, *werry* warm. I *ſweats* like a town-bull, I declare," wiping his forehead; "my face is all a muck, and yet, upon my credit, I only walked a ſnail's pace from my houſe in Proſpect-place, Newington, t'other ſide of the water. Ah, there's a number of warm men *lives* there; none of your wiſhy-waſhy ſkip-jack colonels, your ſpendthrift members of the parliament-houſe; many worth half a plum, ſome worth a whole one; gemini, they are warm fellows; they are your good men; men who can well afford to pay the old woman nine-pence, aye, and can afford to keep horſes though they do eat of nights." This laſt remark was uttered with a look of profound ſagacity.

The officer, who belonged to the faſhionable corps, was a pupil of Lord Cheſterfield's; who was never vulgar enough to play on the violin; never joined in athletic exerciſes, becauſe bargemen, coopers, fiſhmongers, and ſhoemakers played at ſuch ſports; but pretended ignorance at the expenſe of his veracity, when he wiſhed to gratify people in their fondneſs for relating news; who, when he intrigued, was choice in his amours, thinking it unbecoming a gentleman to debauch any other females than thoſe who were women of diſtinction, talent, and good qualities. This gentleman, eying Mr. Snug with a marked abhorrence, ſhuddered, as the traveller does on viewing the moſt dangerous and venemous reptile; or the timid debtor, the hard and rough creditor; and ſhrunk back into the company, ſcreaming loudly, at the approach of Mr. Snug.

Mr. Pellet introduced him to the com-

pany; when Mr. Snug addreſſed captain Paraſol, who belonged to the faſhionable corps, in this moſt abrupt manner:

"May-hap, Mr. Bergamot, you do not like the cut of my coat; though it was not made by a *parlay woo francais*, it is of good cloth; aye, as good as ever came out of a tradeſman's ſhop. I bought it of a near neighbour of mine, enough to make me a whole ſuit. Zooks, how you ſtare, juſt like a ſtuck pig. I ſhan't eat you, ſir, ſo don't be afraid. Why, ſir, you have a countenance ſour enough to turn all the ſmall beer in the cellar;" winking to the company. "What's *look* now-a-days. Pride rides in coaches, and honeſty is content to take up with the ten-toe ſtage."

"True! true!" obſerved doctor Anapeſt, "whether we boaſt our deſcent from Inachus, or are oppreſſed with poverty, as indigent as Irus—*Irus omnes eodem cogimur.*"

Pellet laughed heartily at the pompous ſolemnity with which this ſentence was introduced.

Signor Marmotte obſerved, "that the pikes in the lake of Geneva were larger than thoſe caught in England; for fiſhermen were known to take them of eighty pounds weight, and trouts of fifty pounds."

"Nor are the Engliſh banquets to be compared, with juſtice," ſaid Anapeſt, "to the Roman feaſts. Heliogabalus had the brains of nightingales ſerved up at his table; and, for his own ſupper, the brains of five hundred oſtriches; I will not omit the delicious lamprey, or the thruſh."

"Ah!" exclaimed the doctor, with additional energy, "our art in catering does not equal the ſkill the ancient Romans diſplayed. How much ſuperior were the maſters of the world to Britons; how inferior our taſte, how confined the modern art of cooking, when compared to that of Rome, where philoſophers even did not think it

indecent or *infrà* their ſtation, to hold forth on the culinary art."

"And yet, the firm and juicy Southdown mutton, and the ſirloin, in my judgment," obſerved Pellet, "are to be compared to the boar; and I do aſſure the company, I ſhould prefer the fat of veniſon to the paps of a ſow; though perhaps, doctor, you think they may more than retaliate on our having ſerved up at our dinners, lovely and delicious monſters from the Weſt Indies, while I ſhall pronounce the following panegyric on this fine diſh. Oh the calipaſh and calipee! oh lovely green fat. Luxurious compounds of taſte! incomparable turtle! Happy are thoſe who eat of thee! Honour is due to him who brought the firſt green and *lively* animal on Britiſh ſhores!"

Signor Marmotte commented on the valuable qualities of the lapis aſbeſtos, found more frequently in Norway than in any other country, and of which, Pliny ſays, napkins were made.

"Napkins, ſignor!" exclaimed Mr. Pellet.

"Yes, ſir; and if it was taken from de table and thrown into de fire, it was excellently cleaned by dat method, as well as if it had been waſhed in the moſt pure water."

"Ingenious people!" exclaimed doctor Anapeſt, as ſoon as he could take the fork from his mouth; "may admiring poſterity pay you the deſerved tribute of praiſe; may your actions be recorded on tablets of braſs. Live, live for ever." He had no ſooner ſaid this, than, throwing his hand on the table, to give more energy to his words, he threw down a ſoup-plate, and emptied the contents on the breeches of the unfortunate officer; who ſtarted up in exceſſive agony, which he expreſſed by his countenance and the motions of his body. He ſhrieked out—"D——e, the wretch has ſcalded me! O curſe the barbarous pedant! Plague take his brains of oſtriches, nightingales, and his thruſh! Plague take the owl in the ivy buſh! oh! oh! oh! he! he! he!

hah! hah! hah! oh! oh! oh! I am ſure the ſkin is taken off."

Some ſal volatile ſaved from fainting this commander of men, odoriferous from eſſence of lavender and bergamot.

On ſeeing the company partake largely of the veniſon, Mr. Snug obſerved, "What was one man's meat was another's poiſon. Old birds were not to be caught with chaff." He liked, for his part, things new and freſh. "Oddſbuds! I, for my part, *likes* ſweet things." "Will you have ſome of theſe rabbits?" ſaid the giver of the feaſt. "Shall I help you, Mr. Snug, to a wing?"

"Aye, a wing and a part of the back, and plenty of onion ſauce. None of your *Wauxhall* bits for me. I *ſays* a wing. If people, ſir, don't take care of themſelves now-a-days, I don't know, for my part, what's to become of them."

This called the attention of ſignor Marmotte, who had been engaged in the contemplation of the philoſophic action of the

duck and drake on the ſurface of the water. He obſerved, in French, to the gentleman who had ſhowed ſuch a violent antipathy to Mr. Snug, " that the man was really a brute, and would increaſe the curioſities of a ſhowman. I ſhould like to aſcertain whether Mr. Pidcock would buy him, and what he'd give for ſuch a creature, that he might place him among his ourang-outangs."

The gentleman ſmiled approbation, pulled out a ſmall morocco caſe, which contained his lavender bottle, and declared that the ſight of ſuch a monſter was odious.

The citizen officer now called the attention of Pellet, who, when the interrupted conviviality and harmony of the table was reſtored, obſerved, that he ſhould begin by oblique firing; and expreſſed a deſire of attacking the flank of veniſon, bringing his right ſhoulder forward, ſupporting his knife and fork in excellent order; his attention was admirable, his dreſs correct, and no citizen of London ſurpaſſed him.

Pellet did not in ſilence obſerve theſe military evolutions at table. He commenced his attack by giving the words of command—"Make ready; preſent; fire; and deſtroy moſt voraciouſly." Lord Shuffle obſerved, "there would be more forage, as ſoon as the light companies," meaning the waiters, "came into their preſence."

The converſation taking a political turn, Mr. Snug argued on the folly of the *Cuſſican's* menaces. He hoped ere long the *main* villain would be obliged to eat humble pie. For his part, it was his idea, that ſuch *great* men ought to be committed into the care of *Polly's* officers, if there was no other way of keeping Georgy's peace. "If the company," ſaid this conſummate politician, "will promiſe to attend, I'll touch on the point, and *throw down the book* directly. In the firſt place, every man, gentle and ſimple, ſcholard or unlarned, muſt allow an Engliſhman can beat a Frenchman any day in the week. I ſays, D—n the Cuſſican,

and all that is of his party! Now, do you think, gentlemen, that ſuch a little whipper-ſnapper fellow as that, who lives upon fricaſees, and eggs and ſpinage, and now and then a ſtewed cutlet, can beat a man who lives upon roaſt beef, and drinks good brown ſtout. It's contrary to all larning; you may as well tell me, that I could lift the monument, which ſtands there on Fiſh-ſtreet-hill. I tell you, the Cuſſican is not worth a braſs ſhilling that's nailed on the counter. Maſter *Bony-part* will get his trimmings, ere he's many weeks older. He'll have other fiſh to fry, if he meets Nelſon. None of your *Maamlouks* and *Arrabs*, and *Gyptians*; Man to man, Engliſh men, John Bull's own children. Why he'll be diſhed and blown to old Nick, a ſnivelling, little, underſized, half-ſtarved ſcurvy politician; and that's my ſentiment, gentlemen."

"Halt," ſaid the citizen officer; "one word I have to obſerve. The gentleman

who ſpoke laſt ſeems to think it eaſy to encounter the tactics of the conqueror of Marengo. Does the gentleman forget, or has he never heard," (then cautiouſly lowering his voice, obſerving Mr. Snug to frown) "I moſt humbly beg pardon, it was not my intention to offend; if the gentleman will have the goodneſs to call to his attention the actions in which Bonaparte was victorious laſt war; how his ſoldiers ſtepped out, wheeled; and how, in cloſe order, they marched to the front and rear in quick time, never halting or retreating but when they had gained their object——"

"You would oblige me," interrupted Pellet, "if you would help doctor Anapeſt, who ſeems deep in thought, to one of theſe wings of a fowl."

The doctor, at that time, was reflecting on the great ideas which were neceſſary to form ſuch an uſeful Macedonian phalanx as the Greeks boaſted. That Philip was an enterpriſing man, the doctor ſpoke

aloud. He was not one of thoſe, who, if they do enjoy the feaſt of reaſon at night, regularly afterwards drain the cup of Circe.

"What Philip was that, ſir?" ſaid Mr. Snug; "had he no ſirname?"—

"A man of profound cunning and ſagacity," ſaid Anapeſt, viewing the tradeſman with contempt. "It was he who formed the invincible and firm phalanx, and reduced Greece to the power of Macedon."

"I underſtand you," replied Snug, with marks of aſſumed ſagacity. "Why did not they grant him a patent for the invention. I'll juſt touch on the point. I takes it, as how Macedon was a compoſition like fuller's earth, by which Philip (what was his ſirname?) rubbed out *Greaſe*."

"He has had a patent," obſerved Anapeſt; "a patent which the hiſtorian has recorded in deſerved ſtrains of panegyric. His memory has ſurvived the tomb in which his aſhes were depoſited."

Mr. Querulous declined drinking beer, as it was of a narcotic quality; dined on ſome mutton broth and panado, which were made for him on purpoſe; and finiſhed his dinner with ſome ſhell-fiſh, which the waiter procured him. An admirable receipt for people diſpoſed to be melancholy.

Doctor Anapeſt conjectured that Thaliarcus never drank better wine with that old buck Horace, or even Mæcenas, on a feaſt-day; and that the company ought to conſider themſelves as particularly obliged to the right honourable Mr. Pellet.

A young gentleman, who attempted to be pleaſant with repeating jokes from that celebrated wit, Joe Miller, and telling old anecdotes, and making ſtale obſervations; when he ſpoke of the ſmall beer, though it was excellent, rather than loſe the opportunity of being witty, he remarked, "We muſt not ſpeak ill of the dead." Such intereſting remarks, and accounts of his exploits acted when he was at ſchool; how

he broke into orchards, and pilfered damaſcenes; went to races, hunted cats, and drew caricatures of the maſters: ſuch ſtories as theſe were ſubjects of his diſcourſe. He had recited an old epigram, containing theſe lines:

> Thy nags the leaneſt things alive,
> They are ſo very hard to drive;
> I heard thy anxious coachman ſay,
> It coſt thee more in whips, than hay—

and was following this rehearſal with an Iriſh bull, made by an inhabitant of Cork, who put his ſtockings on the contrary ſide to prevent a hole that was in them from being obſerved; when doctor Anapeſt called the attention of his hearers, to a long ode from Pindar, which he inſtantly thundered forth with a full mouth.

The company liſtened to him with attention; but the doctor mentioning the words φλογος ου, the country gentleman and original tradeſman, who was his pupil, obſerved, that he had always underſtood Pin-

dar was an advocate for flogging; and he had heard that he wrote a whole book on a horſe-race, though he knew ſome people who preferred Taplin on horſes.

" To the god of battles was the horſe dedicated," obſerved Anapeſt; " ominous of war was the very ſight of this valuable quadruped. Scarce had Æneas diſembarked on the coaſt of Italy, when, in a meadow feeding he ſaw four—four, obſerve me, gentlemen, white horſes. It was then Anchiſes, who was the father of Æneas, and the grandfather of the infant Aſcanius, cried out, ' O foreign country, thou threateneſt war againſt us!"

After this learned elucidation, the company began to feel their heads inflamed with the quantity of wine that they had drank. The tables ſwam before them, and drowſineſs ſeized on thoſe who were not clamorous: even theſe began to ſlumber.

Doctor Anapeſt was called upon by the honourable Mr. Pellet, to give a lady.

"As the right honourable and liberal young gentleman, the maſter of the banquet, Mr. Pellet, calls on me to give the health of a lady—Gentlemen, repleniſh your glaſſes, and I will drink the health of 'The fair Glycera'—obſerve there are ſeven letters in her name."

Pellet laughed.

Mr. Snug turned up his eyes, pulled off his wig, and ſcratched his head.

The citizen officer ſaid, he really did not underſtand the word of command given.

His brother officer, captain Paraſol, enquired of the profound doctor, in an effeminate tone of voice, if the young lady lived in Queen Anne-ſtreet, Eaſt?

Lord Shuffle was deſired by the Preſident to drink up his heel taps, and fill a bumper.

And Tom Vortex ſwore he would drink to Glycera; as he knew her well, and had ſlept with her often.

"That's very probable," ſaid Pellet; "when you was at ſchool, was it not?"

Doctor Anapeſt obſerved, "ſhe was the favourite miſtreſs of my friend, Horace."

"Your friend's miſtreſs," ſaid Tom Vortex. "Oh, d—n it, doctor, that's not honourable."

"Happy woman," ſaid the doctor, inattentive to this remark—"happy in being celebrated by ſo great a poet! How did he dote on her! With what a flame was he impaſſioned, when he exclaimed,

"Urit me Glyceræ nitor
Splendentis Pario marmore purius:
Urit grata protervitas,
Et vultus nimium lubricus aſpici.
In me tota ruens Venus
Cyprum deſeruit.

"When he calls on the queen of Cnidus and Paphos to forſake her beloved Cyprus, and ſeek the houſe of Glycera,

"O Venus, regina Cnidi Paphique,
Sperne dilectam Cypron, et vocantis
Thure te multo Glyceræ decoram
Transfer in ædem.

" Fervidus tecum puer, et ſolutis
Gratiæ zonis, properentque Nymphæ,
Et parum comis ſine te Juventas
Mercuriuſque."

" If the Graces would play on the piano," ſaid Pellet, " or ſit down to a game of quadrille, it would be very well; but as for Mercury, plague take the thief, I would kick him out of the houſe. I never have any commerce with Mercury when I can avoid it, doctor."

Doctor Anapeſt could not reply, for he had already fallen back in his chair; his knees knocked his chin, his eyes had ſunk in his head, his face reſembled the complexion of Phœbus when firſt he appears and opens the caſement, letting in light from his foggy bedchamber; his mouth was black as the ſloe, uſeful to vintners.

Mr. Poſitive, in the midſt of a panegyric on Harmodius and Ariſtogiton and Wat Tyler, was ſeized with a fit of yawning; ſtretched out his clenched hand, with an

involuntary motion, and would have awoke the gentleman who ſat next to him, ſignor Marmotte, had not the quantities of wine which had been mixed by the honourable Mr. Pellet, and of which he had been obliged to partake liberally, in oppoſition to his will, rendered all efforts to rouſe him ineffectual.

The party, except Lord Shuffle, the honourable Mr. T.W.Vortex, and the Preſident, were locked in the embraces of Somnus; when the honourable Mr. Pellet, congratulating them on the ſucceſs of his hoaxing ſcheme, ſtepped down ſtairs for the waiter, and charged him to put them into coaches and ſee them driven to each other's lodgings, and to take the bill to Mr. Snug, and inſiſt upon its being diſcharged. Thus having ſettled the account, followed by his companions, he determined to finiſh his evening with glorious fun, and enjoy the pleaſures of "tipſey revelry."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Then many a demon will ſhe raiſe,
To vex your ſleep, to haunt your ways;
While gleams of loſt delight
Raiſe the dark tempeſt of the brain,
As lightning ſhines acroſs the main,
Through whirlwinds and through night.
AKENSIDE's Ode againſt Suſpicion.

AT Vienna, Mrs. Maitland amuſed herſelf with the politics of the Imperial court. Miſs Tankerville drove frequently in a low phaeton drawn by four Shetland ponies. It was in theſe excurſions, and in the amuſements of the metropolis of Germany, that ſhe paſſed her time, regretting the abſence of Moreton, but ſtill hoping to ſee him at no long interval. Emma was repeatedly, at public places, intruded upon by the unwelcome officiouſneſs of a ruffian officer, who wore a large black patch over his eye; his

face, naturally forbidding, was more disfigured by the ſmall-pox. He ſeemed attentively to watch every movement, and croſſed her more than once when ſhe was driving in an unfrequented part of the country, yet contiguous to the city: the proſpect would have ſuited the pencil of Salvator Roſa: when one day, as ſhe was taking her uſual ride in her open carriage, ſhe was attacked by two ruffians with crape round their faces, and armed with piſtols and cutlaſſes. One of her ſervants would have reſiſted; but her aſtoniſhment was exceſſive; when the other, diſmounting, and clapping a piſtol to her breaſt, inſiſted on her mounting his own horſe: then diſmiſſing her aunt and his fellow-ſervant, in ſpite of the ſhrieks and intreaties of the females, bore off their lovely prize. Giving a whiſtle, they were ſurrounded by their companions, who conſiſted of a troop of eight horſemen, well armed and mounted. They haſtened into the thickeſt part of the dark foreſt, and

alighting at an old and ſpacious building, rang loudly at the door, which was opened by a centinel; but what was her amazement, how ſhall I paint the feelings of her mind, when, in the room into which ſhe was taken, appeared the odious figure of the ruffian officer who had been ſo often troubleſome to her in the ſtreets of Vienna and elſewhere, with the ſame villany of countenance, lowering aſpect, and ſcar on his forehead; and dreſſed in the ſame manner. "You are now, madam," ſaid he, attempting to ſmile, "about to enjoy the company of plain and brave men. Though for ever ſhut out from the world, and its fickle amuſements, you will be loved by me; therefore learn to value the ſociety of enlightened and courageous heroes. The villain who ſlanders one's reputation; the man who ſeduces one's miſtreſs, and then will cut his friend's throat; the deceitful ſcoundrel who plunders the unwary at the gaming table; the ſlave who bears arms

under an ambitious deſpot; moſt of theſe characters are called gentlemen, and enrolled in the muſter of men of true honour; but are they not worſe than we? Love, madam," continued the leader of the banditti, "has driven me to this. If you are not mine at the expiration of three days by conſent, I muſt be poſſeſſed of you by force. No fond aunt will then conſole you. You ſee I know your hiſtory. You will be ſhut out from every indulgence which I am at preſent diſpoſed to ſhow you. Will you take any refreſhment?"

On her ſhowing her averſion to food, he added, "You may retire to your apartment. This woman," obſerved he, pointing to an ugly hag, who reſembled in countenance any thing but human, "will be your attendant." He then pulled out his ſnuff-box, and coolly took a pinch, giving her a glance which evinced the triumph of villany.

Emma could not ſpeak for grief at being forced from her guardian and friend, into

the power of a villain who had ſo ominouſly been the object of her dread. At her time of life, a perſon of her birth, and endowed with every attraction of art and nature, it was too much. The big tears flowed in ſucceſſion down her cheeks, and, in the agony of grief, ſhe ſobbed aloud:

"Unfortunate Emma! where is Henry, the defender of thy honour? Abſent from all thy friends, what will become of thee!"

The unprincipled villain who thus dared to make love to her had been a ſerjeant in the Auſtrian ſervice.

The robber had wiſhed her good evening; and ſhe was lighted to her apartment by the hag, worn aged in the ſervice of villainy. The room was built of oak, dark and gloomy, having windows of ſtained glaſs, through which the ſetting ſun gleamed a deſponding ray. She recommended herſelf in fervent prayer to that Being, without whoſe ſpecial providence even the ſparrow does not fall; and, afraid to diveſt herſelf of

her dreſs, lay down on the bed, but could not compoſe herſelf to ſleep, Her bed was a bed of ſtone, and her pillow planted with thorns. No wonder then, that ſhe could not, in her preſent ſtate of mind, taſte the welcome gifts of Sleep:

" He like the world his ready viſit pays
Where fortune ſmiles; the wretched he forſakes,
And lights on lids unſullied with a tear."

The night was long and tedious. What little ſlumber ſhe had was broken and diſturbed. At intervals ſhe ſtarted, as if ſhe heard the commander of this troop of ruffians breaking into her chamber; but it was one of the caſed doors which creaked heavily on its hinges. Again ſhe was diſturbed by the tumultuous mirth of the banditti. A long night, however, paſſed on without further interruption; but painful were the feelings of Emma as ſhe obſerved the fleeting ſhadows through the dark foliage from her window, and heard the bird of ill omen

ſhriek the ſound of deſolation; while the raven flapped its wings round the building, and ſeemed to anticipate bloodſhed and horrid murder.

Emma had her ſolitary meal ſent up to her apartment; the unfavourable looks of her keeper ſeemed to exclude any promiſe of bribery, or ſucceſsful entreaty. The viſit of her dreaded lover ſucceeded her breakfaſt. He found her what he expected, abhorring every word which he uttered in the way of affection for her.

"Brave me not," he ſaid; "you are too much honoured by the attachment I feel for you. You will regret ſuch miſconduct. Yield to my paſſion, charming Miſs Tankerville, with a good grace, and you may depend on my future kindneſs."

"I will ſooner loſe my life!" exclaimed the heart-grieved Emma.

"Oh, we will take care to prevent your death, by removing all means of violence."

He then quitted the room, closing the door after him with unusual violence.

Nothing remarkable happened, except that she was visited by the mistress of this horrid assassin, a woman well-suited to her situation; such society as her's, however, could give but little relief to the distressed Emma.

CHAPTER XIX.

" Ye aſk to know my race—from Arno's vale,
Hurl'd headlong down, I ſought the depths of hell,
For more than common villany renown'd.
No feller ſavage haunts the moonlight wild,
Nor owns a den with bloodier deeds defil'd,
As well Piſtoia knows my native ground."

" Sternly he ceas'd, with execrations dire,
And, loud blaſpheming Heav'n's eternal Sire,
He rais'd his ruffian hands, and dar'd his wrath;
But ſoon a ſpiry ſnake his members binds,
Another round his vocal paſſage winds,
And ſtops with many a fold the felon's breath."

BOYD's *Tranſlation of the Inferno of Dante Aligheri.*

ON the third day, a traveller was brought in wounded, the priſoner of this nefarious gang; ſhe recogniſed him immediately. It was not Dauncey, nor any of her relations, that preſented himſelf to her view; but the beloved features of Sir Henry Moreton. How much changed from the bloom-

ing chevalier that ſhe had met in England at the maſquerade!

Deſtitute of that fine fluſh of health which was wont to draw obſervation from the ſpectator; pale, and fainting with the loſs of blood which he had ſuſtained in the conflict that he had held with the robbers; he afforded a melancholy ſight to his fond miſtreſs. She could not ſuppreſs the feelings of her heart, but, ſhrieking aloud, fell inſenſible on the floor. Had the robber been appriſed of this part of our fair heroine's hiſtory, in all probability this moment would have decided Moreton's fate; who, diſclaiming all regard to perſonal ſafety, notwithſtanding the ſigns his miſtreſs gave him, intimating quietneſs and calmneſs, threatened the utmoſt torments that invention could ſuggeſt, to the whole body, if one of them dared to profane her with his impious touch; promiſing the richeſt preſents, on his honour, if they would convey Emma to the city of Vienna.

Some derided him, others treated him as a madman, laughing at him, and ſhaking their heads; but not one of them was otherwiſe than callous to his feelings. As for the fainting of Emma, they regarded it as a ſign of that tenderneſs which frequently accompanies virtuous and delicate females; but which they conſidered as totally unneceſſary, if not unpleaſing.

When recovered by their aſſiduities, ſhe was ſhown to her apartment; and the leader of the banditti, preſſing her hand, intimated that the hour was approaching which he ſhould reckon the happieſt of his life.

It was to a miſerable, low, and dark garret, that the wretched Henry was led, ſupported by two men; for he had diſſembled the ſtate of his wound, hoping that he ſhould be able to make his eſcape, and reſcue Emma from her miſerable durance. Spots of blood ſtained the floor.

The moon darted her trembling rays through the caſement, and on a miſerable

truckle bed the unfortunate Moreton was laid, and the light was taken away. The attendants being gone, Henry roſe, and, looking through a narrow caſement, from the cloſe grating he diſcovered a gloomy expanſe, the ſight being in different plantations interrupted by lofty elms and foreſt pines; when ſuddenly his attention was arreſted by a groan which iſſued from an adjoining bed-room.

Stretched on a bed ſimilar to his own was lying, on his ſide, a fair and comely young man, apparently ſome perſon of diſtinction, wounded, and on the point of death.

"Are you come again to offer me your loathed bounty?" ſaid the diſtracted young man; "leave, leave me, to die in peace, as you hope for mercy at the day of judgment."—"I am no robber, no murderer," ſaid the brave Moreton; "but it is my wiſh to miniſter conſolation to you."

He gently drew aſide the tattered remains

of a bed curtain. Pale Cynthia did not withdraw her light. Moreton ſtarted. Death ſat ſickly on the pallid cheek which once bloomed with health; but benevolence, ſoftneſs of diſpoſition, and nobility, were conſpicuous in the youth's features. Unable to reſtrain his grief, Henry burſt into tears.

"Surely I am miſtaken," ſaid the dying ſtranger, "or I am delivered out of the hands of the blood-thirſty ruffian, and am in the regions of the bleſſed, and thou art my miniſtering angel."

Henry gently uplifted his pillow, and, placing the hand of the dying victim between his own, told him, "that he was himſelf a priſoner, in the power of a cruel banditti, with this difference, that he wiſhed for death to terminate his woes; as the beloved object of his ſoul, for whom only he breathed, was this very night threatened by one of the robbers, their abandoned leader—

yet, to ſee you periſhing in the bloom of life, no friend to cloſe your eyes, the thoughts are painful, very painful."

"Kind ſtranger," the youth faintly ſighed, "the hour which will render me to the ſilent grave is at hand. Had it pleaſed Heaven for me to live a little longer —— but my religion calls on me to do all the good I can, during the ſhort interval that I may be allowed to exiſt. Happy ſhall I be, if I can be of ſervice to you in theſe my laſt moments."

"In a ſliding pannel, behind the curtain at the head of the bed, you will find a ſtiletto, a ſmall crucifix ſet in diamonds, and notes to ſome amount. I ſecured them in the linings of my clothes, and depoſited them in that place for ſafety. Perhaps they are articles which may prove of ſervice to you The captain of the banditti, who threatens to wound you in that point on which your happineſs may depend, ſleeps in the chamber beneath. Alas, dear

and generous ſtranger, miſerable as I am, I have tears left for you. With the ſtiletto you may be able to effect your entrance into his room. Heaven guide your arm. The crucifix you will keep for my ſake. My name——" here his ſtrength failed him. Henry waited with anxiety. At length the youth proceeded, endeavouring to raiſe his voice.

"My name is Alphonſo, a Neapolitan nobleman, deſcended from the ancient and noble houſe of Metalonica: fortune ſmiled on me. On the eve of being united to the fair counteſs of Colonna, buſineſs called me to Vienna. Already had the duſk of evening mantled the grey horizon, when I found myſelf, accompanied by my ſervant, Ludovic, in the thickeſt part of this gloomy foreſt. Night cloſed us around. I would have retraced my journey back, had not Ludovic ſtrongly, and even to my aſtoniſhment, urged me to proceed on my journey. My wiſh too was, that I might reach

Vienna that night." 'My dear maſter,' were the words of Ludovic, 'what will the lovely counteſs of Colonna think of your delay?' Villain! I little knew the part he was to act in the enſuing tragedy."

Here he ſtopped, as overcome with the recollection of his misfortunes; and Moreton, touched with a fate too ſimilar to his own, kindly endeavoured to conſole him in the tendereſt manner. Departing life ſtill glimmered in the ſocket, and he continued:

"We therefore proceeded on our journey, contrary to my better judgment, though ſuitable to my inclination. Unrelenting fate now executed what was in hand: at ſome diſtance between the ſhadowing and wide-ſpreading elms we diſcovered a light, which ſeemed to proceed from a ſpacious building. It was this identical place," groaned Alphonſo. "Three weeks have now ſlowly paſſed ſince, lying on a truckle-bed, I have been daily viſited by ſome robber. May the in-

dulgent Father of Mercies, before whom I ſhortly expect to appear, reward the pious ſervices of a lovely female, who has viſited me, and endeavoured to ſoothe my ſorrows by pouring balm into my wounds. Grief and diſeaſe are cankering at my heart. The bitterneſs of death is not yet paſt, but the wound inflicted by its ſhaft will ſoon annihilate me. O my honoured and beloved parents, what will be your grief, when you ſhall have learned the fate of your beloved ſon! I conjure you, ſir, by my misfortunes, make them acquainted with my laſt wiſhes for their happineſs and their welfare, if you ſhould ſee them at Vienna, as they probably will anxiouſly ſearch for me in that city. Vain will be their expectation. As you, ſir, feel for the object of your own tender affection, aſſure the lovely counteſs of my fidelity, attachment, and the deep regret I feel at my not having the fondeſt object of my wiſhes completed. With my laſt breath, tell her, I implored Hea-

ven's bleſſings on her head, and traced her in my faithful memory. With the other articles, you will find a ring adorned with a miniature picture of her; deliver it, ſir, I entreat you, into her hands—and ſo, may Heaven reward you with a ſuitable recompenſe!"

The ſenſible Moreton promiſed that he would fulfil his commands, and accompanied with his tears the groans of the virtuous and faithful Neapolitan.

Collecting himſelf, "I will proceed," he added, "as well as my feeble ſtrength will permit me, to conclude my ſad ſtory.

"Ludovic and myſelf arrived at the gates of this accurſed habitation. He ſounded a bell, which ſeemed to ring the knell of death: the lengthened ſound reverberated through the air. I was about to retreat, when a greyheaded old man opened the door. A favourite greyhound, that followed me conſtantly on my journey when I rode, howled piteouſly, and pulled

me back by the coat. But it was in vain; and I have the ſad mortification to think that I even ſinned againſt the counſel of Providence.

" On inquiring for a lodging, the hoary porter ſignificantly ſmiled.

' You ſhall not want, chevalier, any accommodation this houſe can afford you. Your ſervant ſhall follow you, and your horſe ſhall be led into the ſtable, noble ſir; nobody ever complained long, who has been lodged here, ſir, I aſſure you. My maſter takes all due care of his gueſts. You are not the firſt traveller who has ſought a night's lodging under our hoſpitable roof.' Fidelio growled at the villain, and ſhowed inſtinctive marks of rage and yelling fury. Ludovic was cloſe on my footſteps. It thundered and lightened exceſſively. The rain poured in torrents, and the elements ſeemed to be engaged in dreadful conflict. ' It is a terrible night,' my conductor obſerved, as he led me to the door. He held

an enormous iron key in his hand. 'Take care of your ſteps, ſignor,' he ſaid. A flight of ſtone ſtairs conducted us up to the maſſy door, which appeared to bid defiance to all force.

" As he let me into the entrance, he held up the lamp; villany was ſtrongly depicted in his countenance. On touching a bell, the hall was crowded with ruffians. Ludovic was offered to be inrolled in their number. Judge of my aſtoniſhment, when, with an unparallelled ingratitude, he gladly accepted their propoſals. The ſame terms were audaciouſly offered to me. Moved at ſuch inſolence, I could not reſtrain my indignation, but ſtruck the villain who made them a blow which brought him to the ground. My poor Fidelio, in aid of his maſter, flew at them with ineffectual courage; the barbarous villains diſpatched him with many cruel wounds, and all the ſavage marks of ferocity. He piteouſly howled, and, caſting his eyes on me, while his teeth

graſped the villain's throat whom I had ſtruck, at the feet of his kind maſter my poor Fidelio expired. Such were thy rewards, my truſty animal!

'It is thus,' ſaid the treacherous Ludovic, as he plunged a dagger into his maſter's back, 'I ſhow you, my brave comrades, the attachment of your new but aſpiring aſſociate.'

'Thou ſhalt have thy reward,' ſaid their commander; 'it was well done, my lad.'

"I was conducted to this apartment——" Here his ſtrength and ſpirits utterly forſook him, his pallid countenance fell, his eyes were ſuddenly cloſed, and the youthful Alphonſo ceaſed for a time to breathe. Animation returned but for a moment. Awaking, "Remember me," he ſaid faintly, "to the duke and ducheſs of Calabria, and forget not my laſt injunctions to my beloved counteſs."

A groan proclaimed that the hapleſs lover no longer exiſted.

CHAPTER XX.

The time of danger, O maid, is the ſeaſon of my ſoul; for then it ſwells a mighty ſtream, and rolls me on the foe.

The Poems of Oſſian.

CONTINUATION OF PERILOUS ADVENTURES AMONG THE BANDITTI. — SIR HENRY MORETON'S BRAVERY, AND FORTUNATE ESCAPE WITH THE FAIR EMMA TANKERVILLE.

HENRY quitted the room, having ſecured the effects of the deceaſed; when the well-known voice of Emma, in diſtreſs, arreſted his attention. He darted forward to the chamber from which the voice proceeded, and, with his ſtiletto opening the door, he found her ſtruggling againſt the brutal violence of the ferocious commander.

"Die, villain!" he exclaimed.—Curſes flowed from the mouth of the marauder, and he imprecated maledictions on the avenger of Alphonſo's fate. With difficulty Henry extricated the dagger from the deep wounds that he had inflicted.

Comforting Emma, he conveyed her to his own apartment, the door of which having ſecured, and praying Heaven to aid him in his efforts, he entered the chamber of the deceaſed. His wife, the partner in his villany and lawleſs cruelty, was bound by Moreton, who, being now armed with freſh weapons, the piſtols of the robber whom he had puniſhed with death, and inſpired by ſucceſs, went to the oppoſite chamber, where was lying another of the execrable gang. The robber, in broken ſlumbers, was dreaming on futurity. "They are too much, O God!" he cried. "Why was I created, thou dreadful and all-powerful Being, for ſuch intolerable anguiſh. It was by the command of others that I murdered thee. Hide thyſelf, poor wretch; I have had enough of thy blood: my hands, alas, are ſtained with gore, with the blood of my fellow-creatures. Why, what a whining, monkiſh fool I am! Fiends, forbear your whips but for a moment—ſuſpend your

excruciating inſtrument. The torture is—oh mercy!—But what have I to do with mercy, who have killed the innocent female, not ſpared the ſmiling and playful babe, and cut ſhort the days of the heedleſs youth."

Having little time to pity the horrors of ſuch a troubled mind, while Moreton ſecured him, he learned from him, that there were none of his comrades left at home, they having gone out on an expedition. On pain of inſtant death, he compelled him to dreſs himſelf, and follow him. He then conducted Emma to the ſtable, and placing his priſoner bound, on one of the horſes which were ready for travelling, he and Emma mounted the two remaining ones, himſelf leading the priſoner.

The morning had begun to dawn, and light had viſited the chambers of the afflicted, when they quitted the retreat of the banditti. Emma's ſpirits had been haraſſed by the ſtruggle with their leader, when our

party were alarmed, by the priſoner ſhouting, "My brave aſſociates!" A clattering of horſes' feet were heard on the hard ground, and a band of armed men appeared through the gloom of the foreſt, when the centinel from the gates of Vienna challenged our adventurers. "Friends," was the reply of Moreton in German, and they were permitted to enter.

They reported to the commanding officer the ſtory of their adventures. A ſtrong detachment of troops was ſent againſt the robbers; who, diſplaying bravery worthy of a better cauſe, were taken and carried to Vienna, and underwent the ſentence of the law: the habitation of their villanies was raſed to the ground.

Inexpreſſible was the joy of Mrs. Maitland, on ſeeing her niece ſafe in her arms. The good lady ſhed tears of gladneſs, and was laviſh in the praiſes of ſir Henry Moreton, who, after executing the injunctions and dying requeſts of Alphonſo, by

making the ſad hiſtory of their hopeful and promiſing ſon known to his parents by degrees, devoted his attention ſolely to Emma Tankerville.

CHAPTER XXI.

DECLARATION OF LOVE.

EMMA would frequently play on the harpſichord thoſe airs which Henry loved; and he would accompany them on the flute, of which he was an excellent maſter. Such concerts as theſe were pleaſing to the feelings of both parties. She would alſo draw fancy pieces; which he was ſure to admire, as ſurpaſſing the works of a Titian, a Raphael, a Gainſborough, a Claude, or a Gerard Douw.

At one of theſe tender interviews a miniature of Emma was lying on the table. "Alas," ſaid he, "what a faint copy is this of the lovely original! Where is the dimple that diſplays itſelf in that ſweet and inexpreſſible ſmile, captivates the affec-

tions, and finds its way to the hearts of all who have the happineſs of liſtening to her accents, and ſeeing her charms! The colour of her hair, the ſoftneſs of her countenance, rival enamel. Innumerable Loves and Graces ſport on her cheek; theſe are moſt certainly wanting. The painter, fair Emma, is an unworthy artiſt; but indeed what artiſt can imitate incomparable nature? for ſuch is the beauty of her, whom I faintly attempt to panegyriſe. He deſerves puniſhment for his arrogant preſumption and feeble attempts."

"I proteſt," ſhe replied, "you have made me ſpoil my vintage." She was drawing a landſcape of Italian villagers getting in their harveſt. "This peaſant has too much brown, and the colour of that villager is beplaſtered with rouge. I do not think the counteſs of Loo, at the maſquerade in Berkeley-ſquare, was painted of a deeper tint. Look! only behold, you miſchief-making man! I have ruined my

whole groupe, ſketched the figures in the ſky, and damaged a fruitful harveſt."

"I will not call you cruel or obdurate fair," replied Moreton; "but, in mentioning the place where I firſt knew what a tender and laudable affection was, thou doſt recall to me many bitter moments of my life."

"And why not the happieſt, as they may and ought to be!" interrupted Mrs. Maitland, who entered the room, as ſir Henry was imprinting an affectionate kiſs on her hand.

"Bleſs me, aunt, how you frightened me! You have frequently endeavoured to implant in my mind the cold, but prudent precept of 'avoiding raſhneſs in our actions in life:' ſir Henry Moreton will give me time to conſider the duties that muſt accompany this novel ſtation. Before I am married, you muſt, my dear aunt, with the help of your experience and ſagacity, teach me to model my look to the pleaſure of

my huſband; if diſconcerted, I muſt endeavour to look pleaſed, and unknit my brow on his return home: and how a poor tender female, untaught, can bear the additional weight of duties eſſential to a married ſtate, ought to be taken into conſideration."

"Promiſe me, my dear miſs Tankerville, that you will not liſten to the ſuit of an importunate lover, until you have pronounced the reaſon why juſtice ſhall condemn me to miſery, the idea of which is intolerable."

"Avoid being jealous, ſir Henry Moreton; let me not find reaſon to impute to you a vice ſo ſhocking. Truſt me, ſir, in your abſence I have often thought of you; and a want of gratitude ſhall not be laid to my charge."

"Charming Emma, I could liſten to you for ever; but, in protecting you from inſult, or ſaving you from danger, I only executed a duty from which no man of any honour could ſhrink. Beſides, to ſee ſuch a lovely

and virtuous female invaded by a rude libertine, muſt have rouſed the indignation of the moſt callous, and called forth energy from the feeble. I love you, miſs Tankerville, too faithfully to bear the idea of ſeparation. Still continue to think of me, to expreſs yourſelf not diſpleaſed at my preſence; and, O lovely Emma!—that we might be united in good fortune as we have been in calamity!"

"You have ſaved my life, ſir Henry Moreton; and that life ought, I feel, to be devoted to the happineſs of my preſerver. But give me time for recollection."

"Adieu, adorable Emma," ſaid Moreton, as he left the room. "Thoſe hours will paſs heavily in which my future deſtiny is about to be determined. Mrs. Maitland, I wiſh you a good morning."

The good lady courteſied to him, offered him her hand as a pledge of firm alliance, and promiſed him her friendly mediation. Then, having rung the bell, ſhe wiſhed him a good morning.

CHAPTER XXII.

SIR HENRY MORETON HEARS FROM DAUNCY.—BY THE SAME MAIL MRS. MAITLAND AND MISS TANKERVILLE RECEIVE LETTERS FROM DOCTOR ANAPEST, THE HONOURABLE MR. PELLET, AND MR. LESTER.

In the morning ſir Henry Moreton aroſe, after enjoying a delicious ſleep. The ham was on the breakfaſt-table, the chocolate was boiled, and the tea-urn hiſſed, while eggs promiſed him a luxurious meal. He took up the newſpaper to ſee if there was any important intelligence; and, to diſcover the march of the French, he looked among the marriages.

A letter, which came by the mail from England, was put into his hand. It was from Dauncy, who informed him of the recent death of his uncle, and requeſted the

immediate attendance of the preſent earl of Sunderland in London.

By this mail, Mrs. Maitland and her niece received letters. Theſe ſhe expected would contain an account of the principal tranſactions in England, all written by a ſhrewd politician; domeſtic news, and remarks upon the conduct of the courts of Europe; but, on the pacquet being opened, one of the letters was found to come from the pen of doctor Anapeſt. Mrs. Maitland having taken her ſpectacles out of the caſe, rubbed the glaſſes, and ſtirred the fire, ſeated herſelf in her eaſy chair, and read as follows:

" *Anapeſt Annæ, Dorotheæ Maitland, Emmæ Maitland, S. D.*

" You are at preſent, I am induced to exiſtimate, at a magnificent city, which was formerly known under the name of Ala Flaviana, Vindomina, Vendum, Caſtra Flaviana, Vindobona, and alſo Colonia

Fabiana. The name of Colonia Fabiana was aſſigned to it on account of a Roman colony which was here, under general Fabianus; and here their Claſſis Iſtrea; the navy on the Danube lay under the protection of the tenth legion, as you may inform your beautiful and youthful niece.

" Voltu doctior (ſubaudito Maitland)
" Adeo modeſto, adeo venuſto, ut nihil ſupra,"
" Et citharæ ſciens" " et pulchrior ſidere."

" This city, however, Claverius informs us, was one of the chief towns in Pannonia; celebrated for its actions againſt the Maſcomanni and the Quadi, eſpecially for the wars of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus Philoſophus, who defeated thoſe nations, and is ſaid to have died there.

" I beg leave to call to your minute and deliberate attention, five of thoſe letters, *quæ vocales vocantur*, over the gate of the palace, imagined to be placed there by the architect, who we find was no vulgar fellow, ſince he was acquainted with that eloquent language in which Tully has

pleaded, and Maro written. The words are regiſtered in my tablets—

Auſtriæ eſt imperari orbi univerſo.

" In the imperial library, and it is with deference I mention them, are monuments valuable, the records of induſtrious men. I ſhall paſs over the works of Leibnitz, Moſheim, Zimmerman on chemiſtry, Albertus Fabricius, Putter, and Gerſtenberger; much leſs ſhall I dwell upon the dramas of Wieland, Leſſing, Schiller, or Kotzebue; works of the imagination, how inferior to the mellifluous Sophocles, the divine Euripides, or the ſimple Æſchylus, the comic Roman poet, or the jocoſe but unharmonious Plautus. Nor are the works of Geſſner or Klopſtock to be mentioned with Ovid's Triſtia, or the hiſtory of Paterculus. If you ſhould ſee the works of Cellarius, you will remember to give me ſome account of the edition. The names of Erneſti and Heyne I have ſeen to ſome editions of the Greek and Latin claſſics;

theſe you may look over, madam. Winckleman has written well on antiquity; but as a geographer, is it to be thought, madam, that Buſching can vie with Pomponius Mela? Some innovators may ſay we have diſcovered new iſlands, unknown countries, a new world; but let me keep poſſeſſion of the old. Let me view in Cellarius that ſea which was covered with the contending fleets of Greece and Perſia; Tenedos, where the Greeks anchored before Troy; though Mr. Bryant would rob us of thoſe valuable lands ſituated in Aſia Minor. Let me call your attention, madam, while we paſs by other trifles, ſuch as the writings of French authors and thoſe of other nations, to a Greek MS. of Dioſcorides, ſince which was written, more than eleven hundred years have elapſed, and a MS. of Livy, which you will be undoubtedly ſhewn, above a thouſand years old—*monumentum ære perennius.* Could you, unperceived, contrive to tear a leaf out from either or both of theſe, ma-

dam, which you may ſend to me at two different times divided, you will confer on me an ineſtimable favour. This treaſure, if it ſhall have ſafely found me in our great metropolis, ſhall be moſt carefully ſhut up under lock and key.

"An Italian gentleman, a familiar acquaintance of mine, ſignor Marmotte by name, has requeſted me to take particular notice of a ſtone placed in the wall of St. Stephen's church, ſuppoſed to be one of thoſe with which Stephen was ſtoned to death. It has, madam, he informs me, the appearance of a pebble, and is worn ſmooth by the touch of ſuperſtition. He begs you will not fail to drink Rheniſh from the Heidelberg tun, and wiſhes you much to travel to Hartz foreſt to ſee a cave near Blackenberg, of which no perſon has yet found the end. It is his earneſt requeſt that you will obſerve the two rocks near Blackenberg, reſembling two monks in their proper habits; and diligently examine the

many curious petrifactions of fiſhes, frogs, trees, and leaves. If you ſhould meet with any ſhells or uncommon natural productions, he will gladly, he ſays, be a purchaſer.

" This gentleman and myſelf have been lately ſubjected to the baneful effects originating from the extemporaneous effuſions of the honourable Mr. Pellet. I was conveyed to Mr. Snug's houſe, a dealer in merchandize, after ſacrificing at the orgies of Bacchus. You will lament the misfortunes of your acquaintance.

" Do ſo that you may continue well. *Dic ſalutem Emma*, which you will conſtrue *Domina ad libitum*; or preſent my compliments to her reſpecting her convaleſcence. *Valete.*"

Emma received alſo letters from Leſter, and her couſin the honourable Mr. Pellet.

Leſter had written to her as follows:

Madlle Emma Tankerville,

Porte reſtant,

Wien.

"Amiable benefactreſs, Huntingdonſhire (England.)

"It is with inexpreſſible pleaſure I inform you of my affairs being in a proſperoús train. You are the author of the happineſs which my Elinor and myſelf at preſent enjoy. It is of you that we are continually talking, when, ſurrounded by the comforts of life, we reflect on our once indigent, miſerable, and deſperate ſtate. Accept, then, dear miſs Tankerville, our grateful heartfelt acknowlegements.

"Fortune, who frowned on me, has made me liberal amends. Not to mention the demands upon me being fully ſatisfied, I have received many dividends from my old creditors. The earl of Harcourt, through your benevolent interceſſion, has been appeaſed; his heart has been happily ſoftened, and he has ſanctioned our union.

"A few days after your departure, a coach ſtopped at the door.

" My Elinor was employed in dreſſing Edward, when a ſervant of her father's entered the room and gave her a letter. At the peruſal ſhe ſhed tears, and, giving it into my hands, I read the words, ' Come to me, my dear and much-wronged child; your misfortunes have occaſioned me to reflect on my paſt conduct. I confeſs myſelf to have erred, and acted in a manner unworthy the affection which a parent ought to have for his child. From an amiable friend, to whom I feel much indebted, I have learnt, my Elinor, a ſad tale of your paſt ſorrows. Let me then ſoothe thoſe cares, and ſoften the rugged path of life; and, if you can perſuade yourſelf to do ſo, forgive a father, who now relents; then haſten, dear Elinor, to your father; I am unable to ſtir abroad, being confined with a ſevere fit of the gout: but I have deſired my ſervant, William, whom I have re-engaged in my ſervice, to take all poſſible care of you. The coachman will drive you, my child, to my houſe.'

" I saw her into the carriage, and understand from her, that she was received with returning warmth of affection. The coach came to fetch me and little Edward. After receiving a kiss from his grandfather, he sat by him all dinner-time; and in the evening, till bed-time, amused us with his artless prattle, and playful and simple diversions. Before evening he acquired such interest in his grandfather's affections, that the old and venerable peer permitted him to tread on his gouty toe more than once, contenting himself with holding up his crutch in a menacing manner. We were shown to apartments fitted up most elegantly, and in the most commodious manner. This suite of rooms, we were told, we were to occupy; for the earl of Harcourt intended that his mansion should be our home that evening. He wished us a sound repose, and presented his daughter with a pocket-book containing notes to a very considerable amount. This supply has enabled me, with no inconvenience, to discharge the debt I

have incurred from your timely friendſhip, my ever to be remembered miſs Tankerville. Incloſed I have ſent you notes to that purpoſe. My Elinor deſires me to unite her in the ſame ſentiments, and we have the honour to be,

" Your much obliged,
" and devoted ſervants,
" E. & G. LESTER."

But this ſweet intelligence was not unmixed with ill tidings. Her couſin wrote to her an account of the misfortunes by which he had been purſued.

Madlle Tankerville,
Kauffman's Haus,
Wien.

" Dear Emma, London.

" When you left me, I prepared to win ſome more of the ruples and increaſe my fortune, having been rather unlucky in the way of betting at hazard. Well, Emmy, it was the laſt ſpring meeting; I made a match, Jack-a-lantern againſt Malta, to

be run in the courſe of the week, play or pay. I ſhould have won my money, as it was palpable Jack-a-lantern was winning when he fell. The Jockey was thrown off and broke his neck; and by his death I became fifteen hundred pounds minus. Forced to pay; ſettled at the coffee-houſe; money down on the nail; curſed unlucky; forced to ſubſcribe to the widow and five ſurviving children of the Jockey.

"When I came to town, I found a challenge from Mr. Poſitive, who had been taken to Anapeſt's lodgings by deſign, after a hard drinking match, and I was forced to fight him. You know, Emmy, for I have often told you, I can hit a half crown at ten yards diſtance; I never miſs an ace of ſpades; of courſe, write me down an excellent ſhot at your ſervice, ſhould you want a 'ſquire. I frightened Poſitive, ſhot off a part of his wig, put him in the papers, and made him the joke of the coffee-houſes.

"But now comes a tale of woe—prepare to hear ſomething more afflicting than you

have yet heard. I had made two matches; on which I had determined, when fortified with burgundy, to risk half my fortune. The first match was a little poney to trot fifty miles in four hours and three quarters. He would have performed it within the time, but, within a mile and a few furlongs of his journey, he dropped down dead. I lost my money, and am considerably minus in this concern. I backed a gentleman who was distanced in drawing a gig from Brighton to Lewes; and I am now, Emma, almost obliged to declare myself insolvent.

"After coming out of Brookes's, on Wednesday last, I met Lord Shuffle. We walked down St. James's-street; when, my attention being called to a comical quiz in a buggy, I turned round to take a view of him, and my eyes met those of a dun, to whom I am much in debt, and who has often beset my lodgings. He is a Jew, and considers my house as an entrance into the land of Canaan. What was to be done? Mr.

Solomons not being an uncommon good whip, and having a very ſpirited horſe, I ſaw my cue immediately, and reſolved to play him a deep game. I went up to him, and, ſhaking him by the hand, told him I had expected to have ſeen him,—though it was but two days before that he had called on me. After commending his horſe, I pretended to alter the curb, and took the opportunity of touching the horſe ſomewhat ſharpiſh; away went Mr. Solomons in a tangent, and, turning up Pall-mall, this Jehu, the prince of the Jews, was thrown out of his buggy, while Shuffle and myſelf enjoyed the fun amazingly.

"The earl of Sunderland is dead. I ſuppoſe, Emma, you will ſoon change your name. Well, good luck attend you. There is no news ſtirring, Emma; only Hippona is backed againſt Curricle. The match for 500. Round courſe, Newmarket. Revel beat captain Gamble, the walking match; and there has been a duel, between captain O'Cutter and my lord Laſſitude.

" I forgot to tell you, I had a very fine week's ſhooting in the county of Suffolk.

" I am your affectionate couſin,

" PELLET."

When Emma had finiſhed reading theſe letters, Mrs. Maitland, always anxious to bring about the intended union between her niece and Moreton, aſked her, if ſhe felt her affection decreaſed by knowing that her gallant defender was become a peer. " Upon my word, my dear, to judge of you by your dreſs, and the *toute enſemble* of your appearance, one would ſuppoſe you intended to enſure a conqueſt, where, to yield, will be to ſhare the moſt glorious honours."

Emma ſhowed that her aunt was not devoid of penetration in this important point ſo eſſential to her happineſs. Indeed ſhe recollected how near ſhe was once to loſing him; and gratitude, when love accompanies it, is doubly ſtrong.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE NUPTIALS OF A CONSTANT COUPLE, AND BY THE CONSENT OF A VIRTUOUS GUARDIAN.

WHEN Moreton called on Mrs. Maitland, to acquaint her with the news of his uncle's death, he found her alone. In relating this news to her he expreſſed a deſpondency leſt he ſhould loſe her for whom he hourly felt his affection increaſe.

"My good Henry, do not deſpair; Emma loves you; and, if you will ſubmit to a ſcheme that I ſhall propoſe, we will put it in execution ſpeedily.

"I expect Emma preſently; cloſet yourſelf; and though I well know that a perſon of your ſcrupulous honour will heſitate in

adopting ſuch meaſures, yet when you conſider what is at ſtake, you will not refuſe your aſſent to the policy of this ſcheme."

After ſome ſlight argument, which was over-ruled by the ſagacious Mrs. Maitland, Henry conſented to theſe meaſures.

Emma entered, bluſhing as Aurora when ſhe firſt riſes and diſplays her opening charms to an admiring world.

"I hope," ſaid Mrs. Maitland, "you will take compaſſion on your faithful lover. The gifts of fortune, the honours which have fallen to him lately, will only increaſe his ſorrows, if you, niece, will not conſent to ſhare them with him. I am perſuaded of the truth of what I have now advanced. If you will believe me, and you know that I admire honeſty even in ſtate affairs, and in the conduct of governments to foreign courts, you will give me due credit, when I declare to you, that I have never ſeen you look handſomer; the pink ribbon and cloſe cap become your beauties admirably.

Such beauty really, my good niece, might extort praiſes from thoſe who felt diſpoſed to be moſt niggard."

"Pry'thee," ſaid ſhe, "dear aunt," as ſhe gracefully walked to the mirror, and viewed herſelf, arranging her dreſs in the moſt nice order, removing a ringlet of her hair which obſcured her lovely eyes, and altering a pin which ſhe conſidered miſplaced, "do you think that the jealous lover will make a good huſband. You recollect your favourite poet's deſcription of jealouſy; and you have ſympathiſed, my kind aunt, with the much-wronged Deſdemona. Lord bleſs me! ſuppoſe I was to be ſmothered; what a ſhocking death! You indeed might ſigh, Poor girl! poor Emma! She married a jealous man, and behold the fruit of her marriage!"

"Would you not, my love," replied Mrs. Maitland, "be angry with your lover, if coldly he was to neglect your charms, and appear

more indifferent? Conſider what he has ſuffered on your account."

Emma, recollecting that ſhe was once on the brink of loſing her beloved Moreton for ever, declared candidly, that her hopes were dependent on him; that ſhe loved him for his virtues, and wiſhed him every happineſs that merit, great as his was, could obtain. "And," ſaid ſhe, "aunt, you know what I have ſince endured for him. If I ſhould loſe him ——— !"

"Heaven forbid it!" ſaid Moreton, haſtening from his concealment, and claſping her to his arms. Surpriſed into terms, Emma, with good-nature, conſented to yield to him her hand. "My affections, you already know, Henry, to have been your own a long time; you will not think me ambitious then, when I declare, that even a title cannot add freſh charms to the fair character, or increaſe the honour which adorns the name of my preſerver."

Mrs. Maitland inſiſted on the ceremony taking place that very morning. "Declarations, unaccompanied by deeds, are futile. It is a union, my loves, which has for its durable baſis, honour, goodneſs, beauty, and mutual affection. The conſequences muſt be an agreeable interchange of the kindeſt offices, that make the rugged road of life more pleaſant. I am acquainted, my dear children," continued the good lady, "with a reſpectable and worthy divine, who ſhall perform the duty of uniting a faithful pair together, and making their old aunt happy this very morning. No denial, Emma; you cannot poſitively refuſe me this favour; beſides, it will complete the plan, child, which I have laid down."

Sir Henry Moreton ſhowed, by every feature and action, how his wiſhes were engaged in this plan.

A polite note was written by Mrs. Mait-

land to the clergyman, and that gentleman anſwered it by his immediate perſonal attendance.

The awful ceremony was performed in the Engliſh ſervice.

CHAPTER XXIV.

" Happy they! the happieſt of their kind!
Whom gentler ſtars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
- - - - - - - - Nought but love
Can anſwer love, and render bliſs ſecure.

SAFE ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND, AND CONCLUSION.

MRS. Maitland had invited many friends to the entertainment which was to be given in honour of the nuptials of her children.

Letters of invitation were ſent to the duke and ducheſs of Calabria, and the counteſs of Colonna; but the loſs that they had ſuſtained, in the death of the accompliſhed and ill-fated Alphonſo, prevented them from attending.

The bridegroom would have waved his rights till he came to England, had not

Emma releaſed him from ſuch hard conditions, as ſhe ſmiled upon him with a ſoft and alluring countenance, in which gratitude, admiration, and love were depictured. She confeſſed that ſhe owed to him her happineſs; that he had preſerved her life; and ſhe would now endeavour to ſhow him that a poſſeſſion which had coſt him ſo dear, was not without ſome value.

Having nothing to detain them, in a few days the new married couple departed from Vienna, on their return to England.

"Here Love his golden ſhafts employs, here lights
His conſtant lamp, and waves his purple wings;
Reigns here and revels, not in the bought ſmile
Of harlots, lawleſs, joyleſs, unendear'd."

They made their voyage in a frigate, the commander of which congratulated them on the glory of the Britiſh flag, which rode triumphant and unoppoſed through the ocean, bidding proud defiance to the enemy.

When they arrived in England, they immediately ſet forward on their journey to the metropolis; and on their arrival in London being announced, the manſion of the earl of Sunderland was crowded with viſitors, who came to congratulate him, and expreſs their joy at his ſafe arrival among his friends.

The honourable Mr. Pellet and his tutor having been unſucceſsful on the turf are obliged to ſell their ſtud and retrench their expenſes.

The two boroughs, and preſentation to a fruitful living, are inadequate to yield the former a ſufficient ſum of ready money.

In fine, the honorable Mr. Pellet boaſts of nothing but the empty ſhadow of once having been diſtinguiſhed as a daſhing man. Even this ſatisfaction, if any, has its alloy, if we conſider miſſpent time, broken fortune, and a ruined conſtitution.

Mr. Leſter and his wife, happy in the affections of each other, do not feel that

gratitude is an intolerable burthen, but treat Emma with the moſt polite attention; and, far from ſuppoſing an acknowlegement of the many eſſential favours which they received from their benefactreſs in the hour of trial to be a degradation, they endeavour to heighten the importance of her benevolent aſſiſtance; nor is the repayment of the debt, in their opinions, a diſcharge in full from their obligation.

Little Edward ſhows how happy he is, when he is promiſed, if he is a good boy and behaves himſelf like a good young gentleman, that he ſhall viſit the counteſs of Sunderland.

When introduced to that amiable and elegant lady, he climbs on her lap, and, putting his arms round her neck, a freedom which ſhe is forced to allow, declares that he loves her, becauſe ſhe ſaved his father from priſon.

Mr. Harris is a conſtant viſitant at Sunderland houſe, and his penetration and

great ſagacity were never better exemplified, than when, at the repreſentation of the penitent Jane Shore, pourtrayed by an actreſs whoſe elocution thrills the feelings of the ſoul, Emma beheld with ſhuddering horror, in the ſecond tier of boxes, Georgiana, whom, when virtuous, ſhe had formerly known, and whoſe fate Mr. Harris predicted when he ſaw her at the races in company with a man of gay faſhion.

A young man, ugly, of coarſe features, but faſhionably dreſſed, was ſeated between Georgiana and another wanton and unhappy female.

Lord Shuffle had called her attention to this ſhocking ſpectacle, by aſking her couſin, who was ſtanding in the ſtage-box which the party occupied, if he knew that fine creature. "She appears in "good condition."—"She is not only in good condition, but of good blood; but not being properly matched, ſwerved from the courſe. Yet, *laughing*, I muſt declare to you,

I believe ſhe is not very vicious; poſſibly it was the fault of the old fools who made the match. There was a devil of a ſplaſh at the time. I ſuppoſed you muſt have been acquainted with it. She was put down in the running liſt, and this ſwerving from the courſe afforded little ſport, except to ſome great Dons and preciſe prudes.—She drinks d—d hard, and, as Shakſpeare has it,

" There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot ſpeaks; her wanton ſpirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O theſe encounterers, ſo glib of tongue,
That give a coaſting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclaſp the tables of their thoughts
To every tickliſh reader! ſet them down
For ſluttiſh ſpoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game."

" Why this Shakſpeare," obſerved Shuffle, " knew women as well as he did men."

" He was the paragon of writers," anſwered Pellet; " he was acquainted with all our follies and imperfections. Rowe

has imitated him in more than one of his plays; and by thoſe very imitations ſecured to himſelf wreaths of laurel, which will adorn his head, while his plaintive language touches our hearts. We muſt pity ſuch penitents as the unhappy wife of Shore; and, ſince plays have been known to work wonders, I confeſs that I am moved with the ſuffering of poor Jane Shore; and that, though Haſtings is a fine fellow, the glaſs of faſhion and the mould of form, I execrate his ſentiments. Indeed, he is not the lily of men. To come to real life, Georgiana was declared by her phyſicians to be ill not long ago; all her friends forſook her, and ſhe is now ſo miſerably poor, that ſhe cannot find reſources to pay the rent of her lodgings."

It was ſufficient for Emma to know that ſhe was miſerable and poor; ſhe incloſed ten guineas in a ſmall piece of paper, and, penciling a note, deſired her to come to Sunderland houſe, where ſhe would find a

friend; and implored her not to let this opportunity pafs unheeded. Notwithftanding Pellet's affertion was true in part, fhe knew that this unhappy female poffeffed a feeling heart; and that a mifplaced tendernefs and exceffive thoughtfulnefs had been her deftruction. She had ftill hopes of preferving her fallen friend among this wreck of mifery.

Sir Henry had not made any inquiries after fir Richard Oliver, with intention of avenging his wrongs. He had heard of his recovery from his wounds, and he had the generofity to leave him to thofe leffons which it was probable that his conficience might ferioufly dictate.

One morning, riding up Bond-ftreet in their chariot, the earl and countefs of Sunderland were met by fir Richard Oliver in a vis-a-vis wrapped up in flannels, a martyr to the gout, the effects of his luxurious indulgence.

"Pickard," faid the baronet to a native

of France, who ſat by him, and who was, as occaſion ſuited, " fiddler, ſtateſman, and buffoon," ariſtocrat or democrat, every thing by turns, but nothing long—" Pickard, who are thoſe people? I have ſeen them before. I have ſome faint recollection—there is a coronet on the carriage."

" Sir Richard, it be the earl of Sunderland and his counteſs. They be an amiable pair, newly married."

Pickard had been but lately admitted to the honour of being attendant and humble companion to ſir Richard Oliver; and although he knew his maſter was lame, from a wound received in a duel, unhappily knew not that the duel had been with the earl.

The enraged baronet curſed him for an impertinent ſcoundrel, and ordered the coachman to drive home.

The ſight of the man whom he had ſo often attempted to injure, the earl of Sun-

derland, and whoſe life he had ſought, inflamed his gout, and in a few days ſir Richard Oliver breathed his laſt.

While ſir Richard Oliver, in a premature age, was hurried from a world which had been the theatre of his vices, the earl of Sunderland, the joy of his friends, the admiration of the world, the benefactor and ornament of his country, gave a leſſon to all the lovers of virtue. The one was conſidered as the friend of virtue; the other was deteſted by the worthy part of ſociety as an unprincipled libertine.

His wife preferring the earl of Sunderland as her firſt choice, in his ſociety ſhe confeſſes that ſhe taſtes the higheſt pleaſures; his home is rendered delightful to him; and life, in the ſolace of her converſe, loſes many of thoſe bitter cares, that would otherwiſe intrude. She is a moſt excellent mother; inſpects, in a great meaſure, the education of the girls; and the ſtranger, who viſits the hoſpitable and ſmiling family,

always retires edified by the virtues which he has ſeen, and breathes a ſilent wiſh, that they may enjoy increaſing happineſs.

Mrs. Maitland lives with her children, as ſhe fondly calls them; and Dauncy paſſes many months in the courſe of the year with his benevolent friend. The honourable Mr. Pellet is allowed to ſport on his manor; and, by his particular requeſt, indeed who hates importunity, invites his friends during the ſhooting ſeaſon to partake of the good cheer the manſion may afford them.

The ſecond courſes are often enlarged with preſents, the fruits of his morning ſport; and, if he does not enlighten the company with thoſe remarks which reſult from a good education, few young men can ſing better hunting ſongs, or give more accurate and ſpirited deſcriptions of field courſes, capital races, and long ſhots. Yet in his ſerious moments I have heard him declare, that he

wiſhes he had read the inſtructive pages of the elegant Tully by the midnight oil, or even ſummed up cloſe logic in a chapter of the moral Ariſtotle, rather than endeavoured to outdrive the mail-coach in his tandem by the aid of patent lamps, or played at hazard, calculating upon the chances of the die, according to the precepts of that profound reaſoner, and accompliſhed tutor in gaming, Mr. Hoyle. He regrets that at Cambridge he did not ſolve problems of Euclid inſtead of frequenting Newmarket; for he obſerves, with a kind of generous regret and praiſeworthy admiration, the reſpect which the neighbouring gentry and perſons of all ranks pay to the virtuous earl of Sunderland.

Doctor Anapeſt is at preſent employed in preparing to uſher into light, 'A Diſſertation on the Shows of the Gladiators, and the ancient Galleys.'

Signor Marmotte, in the courſe of a few

months, will leave England for Egypt, where he intends carefully to ſtore up, in ſtone bottles, ſome of the water of the river Nile, and to collect ſome crocodile's eggs, which he deſigns adding to his muſeum. It already boaſts of a nail of Cook's ſhip; the pen of Tom D'Urfey; ſome of the gunpowder which Bacon diſcovered; the dial and minute hand of the firſt watch thought to be made in England; the urinal of queen Elizabeth, purchaſed at a very great expenſe; twenty curious butterflies; ſeventeen white mice; and a flea which was caught in the identical bed of the great Catherine the late empreſs of the Ruſſias. Signor Marmotte's principal object of reſearch in Egypt is, to aſcertain whether the Ibis is in exiſtence.

If I have ſucceeded in any one chapter, in convincing the Reader, that virtue is the philoſopher's ſtone, which has been the

object of diligent ſearch, I ſhall be in a great meaſure rewarded for my labour.

It is this treaſure alone, which will ſupply all our wants, and the pleaſures which it inſures to the poſſeſſor convinces us that life is more than a picture.

THE END.

ERRATA.

Vol. I. p. 351, line 9, for "1604" *read* "1803."
Vol. II. p. 34, line 9, for "es" *read* "eſt."

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